

# **MIRROR OF TASTE,**

## **AND DRAMATIC CENSOR.**

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### **HISTORY OF THE STAGE.**

#### **THE FRENCH STAGE.**

[Continued from page 518.]

**WE** now come to him, who of all the French dramatic poets, is most excellent in moving the passions, and in purity of language, Racine, who, though by some thought equal in all things to Corneille, was inferior to him in heroic sentiment, and in the grandeur of his personages. As he ran the principal part of his glorious career during the lifetime of CORNEILLE and Moliere, it would be totally out of regularity to omit an account of him and his works in this place, especially as the new turn he gave to dramatic productions, inclined, in some measure, his fluctuating countrymen to neglect his great competitor, whose superior abilities had created what remained for RACINE to perfect. JEAN RACINE was born at Ferte-Milon, December, 1639. At what age he went to school historians are not agreed upon; but one should suppose he was not very young, for it is said that he made a progress in Greek and Latin too rapid, one would think, for any but an adult, since in less than a year he read *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, in their own language. It is also said, that at a very early age he manifested an extraordinary genius for poetry, and that his memory surpassed any thing that ever was heard of.

Having met with the romance of *Theagenes and Clariclea*, written by *Heliodorus*, his instructor CLAUDE LAUNCELOT threw it into the fire. RACINE found means to get a second copy, which shared the same fate. He then bought a third, and having taken a short time to examine it, took it to his master, and told him he might also burn that, for he had got it by heart.

The poetic merit of RACINE appeared evidently in a variety of minor productions, though his Latin poetry injured his reputation, thanks, probably, to those pedants who are the only judges of the beauty of a language no longer spoken. At length, in 1660, the king's marriage set all the poets at work, and upon this occasion Racine repaired to Paris, where he celebrated that event in fine verses, and produced a poem called *La Nymphe de la Seine*, which bore away the palm from all its competitors. From this time he devoted himself entirely to poetry, except when, out of complaisance to his uncle, with whom he lived, he dipped into theology. Neither that study, however, nor logic, to which he had deeply attended, could prevent him from giving way to his poetic propensity; and becoming acquainted with MOLIERE, and afterwards with BOILEAU, he determined to make an attempt at the drama. Having with this view made choice of a subject, he applied himself diligently to the working of it up, and in 1664 produced *Thebaïde*, his first piece, for which Moliere was said to have furnished him with the materials. This, however, cannot be true, for when it appeared it was little more than a revision of *L'Antigone* of ROTROU, which Racine had adjusted to the theatre, thinking he could not do better than rescue a good performance from obscurity. Afterwards, however, he altered it considerably, and with the assistance of his verse, which was at all times correct and harmonious, it became celebrated.

His *Alexandre* appeared in 1666. Racine read this tragedy to CORNEILLE, who told him very honestly, (for Corneille was incapable of jealousy,) that he saw in it wonderful talents for poetry, but not for tragedy. RACINE brought out this at MOLIERE's theatre. It was damned. He was afterwards prevailed on to offer it to the *Hotel de Bourgogne*; where, with the assistance of Mademoiselle PARE, one of MOLIERE's best actresses, who was inticed away from him upon this occasion, it had good success. This treachery begat a coldness between MOLIERE and RACINE which lasted as

long as they lived, though it has always been allowed that upon all occasions they did each other justice as authors.

*Andromache* came out in 1667. This tragedy is remarkable for having occasioned two extraordinary circumstances: Mademoiselle CHAMPEMELE, of whom RACINE had a very indifferent opinion, so won him that he fell violently in love with her; and MONTFLEURY, in endeavouring to personate ORESTES in his madness, which required the most strenuous exertions, was taken so ill that he soon after died.

*Les Plaideurs*, a comedy in three acts, and in verse, made its appearance in 1668. This is RACINE's only attempt at comedy. A domestic circumstance is said to have given rise to the story; and the characters, as we are told, are all from real life. This comedy had little success at first. MOLIERE, however, did it justice, and said, that those who railed at that comedy ought to be railed at themselves. At length the king saw it, and spoke favourably of it, after which it did tolerably well.

Racine may be called the Otway of France, not only from the greater similarity that appears between their genius and writing, than between any other French and English dramatic poets, but from the singular circumstance of each having produced one comedy only, and that a very inferior production.

*Britannicus* was performed in 1669. This piece in spite of its merit failed on its eighth representation. RACINE ushered it into the world with a preface, in which he very imprudently as well as ungratefully treated CORNEILLE with severity; he, however, became sensible of his error, and afterwards suppressed it.

*Bérénice* came out in 1671. The sister-in-law of LEWIS the fourteenth prevailed on RACINE to write a piece on the parting of TITUS and BERENICE; that circumstance having a resemblance to the separation of her and her brother. RACINE engaged too hastily to comply with this request, and BOILEAU told him, that if he had been on the spot he should not have passed his word to do it. The subject certainly was not a favourable one; and though perhaps out of deference to those whom it was intended to compliment, it was pretty well followed, yet it was parodied and quoted so ludicrously that RACINE, who was always very irritable, became truly sorry he had written it.

*Bajazet* was brought forward in 1672. This tragedy had good success; but there is scarcely an instance in all Racine where



character is not sacrificed to the beauty of versification; and Bajazet is a glaring proof of it.

*Mithridate* made its appearance in 1763. The *Pulcherie* of CORNEILLE, performed the year before, which fell in spite of its author's great name, lifted RACINE into considerable fame; he brought out *Mithridate* when this great man, who had perfected every species of dramatic entertainment in FRANCE, was ungratefully shunned and neglected. He might have said with POMPEY, "Dost thou not see that all eyes are turned towards the rising sun!"

*Iphigene* was performed in 1764. RACINE, and the new taste he had introduced here, gained ground, and so completely conquered CORNEILLE and nature, that on the following year that great writer retired from the theatre.

In 1667 he brought out his *Phædra*, which was also well received: but a cabal was raised against the poet, and Pradou, a writer of little capacity, produced a *Phædra* in opposition to the noble composition of Racine: This hurt the feelings of the latter so much that he formed a design of becoming a Carthusian friar. He had formerly worn the ecclesiastical habit at the Port Royal; but his confessor expostulated with him, and prevailed upon him to marry; and thus instead of bidding adieu to the world, to become one of its useful members. By this marriage he became the father of seven children; but superstitiously credulous, he determined never to write for the theatre, and he was reconciled to the Port Royal, and all those whom satire or jocularly had made his enemies. In spite, however, of his resolutions, he was prevailed upon by madame Maintenon to write a sacred tragedy for her young ladies at Cyr, and this produced *Esther*, and afterwards *Albalic*. He was in 1673 admitted a member of the French academy, and in 1677 he was employed with Boileau to write the history of Lewis the XIV; but the work was never completed. Racine afterwards drew up the history of the Port Royal, in two volumes duodecimo.

The excessive sensibility of this charming poet at last proved the cause of his death. He wrote a memorial on the miseries of the poor, which he sent to madame Maintenon, but it fell accidentally into the hands of the king, who expressed his dissatisfaction at it; and Racine hearing of the royal displeasure, was so terrified that he fell into a fever, which carried him off in 1699. The king settled a pension on his family.



We have observed above, that the new and certainly inferior taste introduced by Racine, so completely conquered Corneille, that he retired from the theatre—and it may be remembered, that we broke off the history of that greatest of French poets at that point where he retired, for the purpose of introducing in due regular order the life of Moliere and Racine, and the other circumstances that intervened between the retirement of Corneille and his return to the dramatic poetry. We will now take him up where we left him, and employ the short remainder of this volume to speak of him and his works.

*Othon* appeared in 1664. "In which," says FONTENELLE, "CORNEILLE has fairly placed Tacitus on the French stage." The marshal de GRAMMONT said, "that in *Othon* CORNEILLE was the breviary of kings." BOILEAU, however, who was at this time attached both to the writings and the person of RACINE was not contented with this tragedy, because perhaps, it had none of that tinsel with which he and others at that time corrupted the French taste.

*Agesilaus* was performed in 1666. This piece is said by some not to have been written by CORNEILLE, but FONTENELLE contends that it was, and points out a scene that he says could not have been written by any body else. The controversies about it, however, prove that it came from no other pen.

DESPREAUX, the eternal puffer of RACINE, attacked this piece, as it was customary for him to do with every thing written by CORNEILLE. He wrote this epigram to decry *Agesilaus* and *Anila*.

Après L'Agesilaus,  
Helas!  
Mais après Attila,  
Hola!

BOILEAU expected that Corneille would have been greatly mortified at this, but the latter turned it to his own advantage, and to the confusion of the satirist, pretending it was meant as a compliment. The literal words mean "after Agesilaus, alas! after Attila, no more." Despreaux's intention is selfevident; but CORNEILLE pretended to believe that it meant, that *Agesilaus* had attained every end of tragedy, by exciting pity; *Helas* being an interjection of commiseration, and *Attila* was the *ne plus ultra* of tragedy; and that, therefore, the epigramatist had seemed to hope there would never be another.

*Attila* came out in 1667. CORNEILLE piqued at the preference given to RACINE by the company of the Hotel de Bourgogne, carried this tragedy to the *Palais Royal*, where Moliere received it with great satisfaction. The celebrated THORIBLIERE performed *Attila*, and madame MOLIERE represented Ilavic. It was well received at first, but the goût for RACINE and declamation, carried every thing before it, and *Attila* was soon neglected.

*Tite et Bérénice*, represented in 1671, yielded the victory to Racine's tragedy under the same title. They were both written to please the vanity of a woman, and RACINE being a perfect courtier, and a young man, succeeded best. It was impossible any thing but nature could dictate to CORNEILLE; RACINE perpetually suffered himself to be dictated to by the reigning taste, and his friend Despreaux.

*Pulcheric*, brought out in 1672, gave Racine another triumph. There is however, a strength of character in it which Racine never reached; but the tide of prejudice was now so strong against CORNEILLE, that he ventured but one more play, and then retired.

*Surêne* was that play. It was performed in 1674, and has some strokes of the master which, perhaps, has not been since equalled; but it failed, and CORNEILLE determined to retire from the busy world, and make up his mind to die like a man and a christian.

Besides his dramatic compositions, CORNEILLE produced a variety of things, both in French and in Latin, all which bear the sterling stamp of an extraordinary and commanding genius; a genius, like the tripod of the Sybil, which it is impossible to approach without feeling a sudden enthusiasm.

CORNEILLE was at the height of his glory, when he retired in 1653. The advantage taken of his absence to model the theatres to the rules of art, so enervated the drama, that what is gained on the side of taste and refinement, is lost on the side of simplicity and nature. The grandeur of tragedy in particular sunk after MOLIERE had taught them how to admire true comedy, and the softness and effeminacy, introduced by RACINE, which in proportion as it sunk to mere style and regularity, lost sight of the sublime, enchained the theatre in the shackles of complaisance and servility; till women, the universal rulers of French fashions, became the arbiters of dramatic excellence, and the courtier bore

away the victory from the philosopher, who was now in derision called OLD CORNEILLE.

He, however, proudly disdained to adopt this new taste. Not because he could not have excelled RACINE, nor because his age had enfeebled his mind—both of which observations have been urged against him—for in those scenes of *Psyche* which he wrote, but did not acknowledge, he has purposely abandoned himself to an excess of tenderness which RACINE would have found it difficult to imitate.

CORNEILLE was of a portly stature. He had an agreeable countenance, a large nose, and eyes full of fire; the whole effect lively, and marking, and proper to be transmitted to posterity, either in a medal or a bust. He knew, as a perfect master, *Les Belles Lettres*, history, politics, and every other elegant and erudite study; but his great and favourite object was the theatre; for any thing else he had neither leisure, nor curiosity, nor much esteem. He spoke, even on subjects he well understood, diffidently; and to know the great CORNEILLE, he must be read.

He was grave, but never sour; his humour was plain, but never rude; he was a kind husband, a fond parent, and a faithful friend. His temperament inclined him to love, but never to libertinism. He had a firm and independent mind, without suppleness, but was little calculated to make a fortune at a French court, whose manners he despised.

And it is material to add here, that though CORNEILLE by the cabals of RICHELIEU, was kept out of the French academy till after that minister's death, yet the whole world have allowed him to have been a brilliant ornament of that society, and he was at its head when he died. It will be but justice hereafter to insert the elegant eulogium of RACINE on this great man, when his brother, T. CORNEILLE was admitted into the academy as his successor.

He was sensible of praise, but he detested flattery; diffident of his own merit, and forward to encourage the merit of others. To great natural probity, he joined a fervid, but not a bigoted love of religion; and, indeed, such was his public talents and his private virtues, that it is difficult to say which was predominant in this truly great and justly celebrated character, the man or the writer.

(To be continued.)



## BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CHARLES MACKLIN, COMEDIAN,  
Author of the Man of the World, Love à la Mode, &c.

CHARLES MACKLIN was born in Ireland, in the year 1690. His father was of an old respectable Roman Catholic family, and a captain in king James's army; and Charles, then an infant, was, along with his mother; carried in a turf-kish from the field of the Boyne, on the day when the victory obtained by William the third, over James's forces decided the fate of Ireland, and gave to confiscation the property of the rightful monarch's faithful Irish adherents, and among the rest of our hero's family. Macklin's mother was an O'Flanagan, from whence it appears, that his blood was pure and unmixed, of the old Milesian race. The name of his father's family was Macloughlin, which he on his becoming an actor, Anglicised into Macklin. He was placed by his mother, then a widow, under the care of a Mr. Nicholson, a gentleman of Scotland, who at that time kept a respectable school in Dublin.

In 1726 he came to England, and having a passion for the stage, joined several strolling companies, and was afterwards engaged at Lincoln's-inn Fields, where he first discovered his merit in a trifling character in Fielding's Coffeehouse Politician. For several seasons he performed comic characters; and in 1735 was unfortunate enough to kill Mr. Hallam, an actor in the same theatre with himself, and who was grandfather to the present Mrs. Mattocks, and to the late Lewis Hallam, the father of the American stage. The dispute originated about a wig which Hallam had on, and which the other claimed as his property, and in the warmth of altercation he raised his cane, and gave him a fatal stroke in the eye. He was brought to trial in consequence, but no malicious intent appearing in evidence, he was acquitted.

On the 14th February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, for his own benefit, and restored to the stage a play which had been forty years supplanted, by lord Lansdowne's Jew of Venice, which was a miserable alteration of the above. Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he exclaimed, "This is the Jew which Shakspeare drew." Macklin himself said, that this was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his pane-

gyric on Macklin as a satire against lord Lansdowne; but the state of Pope's health at the time, sufficiently corrects the error of the veteran's recollection.

The principal characters of the Merchant of Venice, were thus cast:—Antonio, Mr. Quin; Bassanio, Mr. Milward; Gratiano, Mr. Mills; Launcelot, Mr. Chapman; Gobbo, Mr. Johnstone; Portia, Mrs. Clive; Nerissa, Mrs. Pritchard; and Jessica, Mrs. Woodman.

The managers and performers having now disagreed, Macklin and several of the most eminent of the company revolted, among whom was Mr. Garrick; and a formal agreement was signed, by which they obliged themselves not to accede to any terms which might be proposed to them by the patentee, without the consent of all the subscribers. The contest between the managers and the seceders soon became very unequal. The latter found all applications for a new patent ineffectual. There was now no remedy left, but to agree with the manager upon the best terms that could be obtained. Some of the principal actors, and such as were absolutely necessary to the conducting of the theatrical machine, were admitted to favour upon equal terms, and were allowed the same annual stipends which they enjoyed before the secession; others of less consequence were abridged of half their income. The manager ascribed this revolt of the players principally to Mr. Macklin; and him he determined to punish for his ingratitude. To the rest he was reconciled, but eternal banishment from his theatre was the doom which he pronounced on the man who had been once his friend and adviser.

Macklin had no inclination to become the 'scape-goat in this business, and he urged Mr. Garrick to perfect the articles of their agreement, by which it was covenanted, that neither of the contracting parties should accommodate matters with the patentee, without the consent of the other. Mr. Garrick could not but acknowledge the justice of Macklin's plea: he declared that he was ready to do all in his power to fulfil his agreement; but as the manager continued obstinate in his resolution to exclude Mr. Macklin, it could not reasonably be expected that he should, by any obstinate perseverance in a desperate contest, greatly injure his own fortune, and absolutely be the means of starving eight or ten people, whose fate depended on his accommodating the dispute with Fleetwood. He offered Mr. Macklin a sum to be paid weekly out of his income, for a certain time, till the manager could be

brought into better temper, or he should have it in his power to provide for himself suitably to his rank in the theatre. He obtained a promise from Mr. Rich to give Mrs. Macklin a weekly salary of 3*l*. These proposals were strenuously rejected by Macklin, who persisted in his claim of Mr. Garrick's absolutely fulfilling the tenor of their compact. Mr. Garrick, notwithstanding the perseverance of Macklin, accepted Fleetwood's proposals, and entered into covenant with him, for that season, at a very considerable income. His reception, however, in the part of Bayes (Rehearsal) was very disagreeable. When the curtain drew up, the playhouse showed more like a bear-garden than a theatre royal. The sea in a storm was not more terrible and boisterous than the noise which issued from the boxes, pit, and galleries. Garrick, as soon as he entered, bowed very low several times, and entreated to be heard. Peas were thrown upon the stage, and he was saluted with loud hisses, and continual cries of—Off! off!

This theatrical tempest lasted two nights. At last, the ardour of Macklin's party began to relax, and Garrick recovered the public favour. James Lacey, however, who succeeded Fleetwood in the management, brought about a revolution in the theatre, in 1747–8. He forgot all former disputes, and engaged Macklin and his wife at a very considerable salary.

At this time he produced his first play of Henry the Seventh; or, the Popish Impostor: afterwards, A Will or No Will; or, A New Case for the Lawyers, farce, 1746: The Suspicious Husband Criticised; or, The Plague of Envy, farce, 1747: and the Fortune Hunters; or, The Widow Bewitched, farce, 1748.

In the spring of 1748, Sheridan, the then manager of the Dublin theatre, offered him and his wife 800*l*. per year, for two years, which he accepted, and they soon after landed in Dublin to perform their engagements. But Macklin's disposition to jealousy and dissatisfaction still prevailed; for scarcely had he been a month in Dublin, when he began to find out that the manager chose to perform tragedies as well as comedies at his theatre; that his name stood in larger characters in the playbills: and a variety of such like *grievous* matters; not considering that his and his wife's salary were fixed at all events for two years, and that any reasonable arrangement which the manager might adopt for his own emolument, would the more enable him to perform the contract; but all prudential considerations were lost upon a man of Mack-



lin's temper, he therefore gave a loose to his passions, which at last became so intolerable that, according to the language of Trinculo, "Though Sheridan was king, Macklin would be viceroy over him;" which the former not agreeing to, determined to shut the doors of his theatre against both him and his wife. This, however, so far from bringing him to reason, provoked him the more. He several times presented himself at the stage door—no admittance. He then sent the manager an attorney's letter—no answer. He then commenced a chancery suit; and, after waiting the whole winter unemployed, he returned to England several hundred pounds minus, and a snug law suit upon his shoulders into the bargain. On his arrival, he commenced manager at Chester for that season; and in the winter was engaged at Covent-garden theatre, where he performed Mercutio during the celebrated contest of Romeo and Juliet between the two houses.

How Macklin could have been *endured* in a character so totally unfitted to his powers of mind and body, is a question not easily resolved at this day, particularly as Woodward played this very character at the other house, and played it in a style of excellence never perhaps before or since equalled; yet what is still more strange, Macklin always spoke of Mercutio as one of his favourite parts, and enlarged upon it in full confidence of his power. He produced at this theatre a dramatic satire, called Covent Garden Theatre; or, Pasquin turned Drawcansir, 1752; and towards the close of the year 1753, having obtained from Mr. Garrick the use of his theatre for that night, took a formal leave of the stage, in a prologue written on the occasion, in which he introduced his daughter as an actress, to the protection of the public.

What induced him to quit the stage in the full vigour of fame and constitution (as he was then, according to his own calculation, but fifty-four,) was one of those schemes in which he long previously indulged himself, of suddenly making his fortune by the establishment of a tavern and a coffeehouse, in the Piazza, Covent-garden; to which he afterwards added a school of oratory, upon a plan hitherto unknown in England, founded upon the Greek, Roman, French, and Italian societies, under the title of the British Inquisition.

The first part of the plan was opened on the 11th of March, 1754, by a public ordinary, (which was to be continued every day at four o'clock, price three shillings,) where every person was per-

mitted to drink port or claret, or whatever liquor he should choose—a bill of fare, we must confess very encouraging, even in those times, and which, from its cheapness and novelty, drew a considerable resort of company for some time. Dinner being announced by public advertisement to be ready at four o'clock, just as the clock had struck that hour, a large tavern bell which he had affixed at the top of the house, gave notice of its approach. This bell continued ringing for about five minutes: the dinner was then ordered to be dished; and in ten minutes it was set upon the table: after which the outer room door was ordered to be shut, and no other guest admitted.

Macklin himself always brought in the first dish, dressed in a full suit of clothes, &c. with a napkin slung across his left arm. When he placed the dish on the table, he made a low bow, and retired a few paces back towards the sideboard, which was laid out in a very superb style, and with every possible convenience that could be thought of. Two of his principal waiters stood beside him; and one, two, or three more, as occasion required them. He had trained up all his servants several months before for this attendance; and one principal rule which he had laid down as a *sine qua non* was, that not one single word was to be spoken by them whilst in the room, except when asked a question by one of the guests. The ordinary therefore was carried on by *signs*, previously agreed upon; and Macklin, as principal waiter, had only to observe when any thing was wanted or called for, when he communicated a *sign*, which the waiters immediately understood, and complied with. Thus was dinner served up and attended to, on the side of the house, all in dumb show.

When the dinner was over, and the bottles and glasses all laid upon the table, Macklin, quitting his former situation, walked gravely up to the front of the table; and hoped "that all things were found agreeable;" after which he passed the bell-rope round the back of the chair of the person who happened to sit at the head of the table, and making a low bow at the door, retired.

Though all this had the show of a formality seemingly touching too much on the freedom of a social meeting, it appeared to have a general good effect: the company not only saw it as a thing to which they had not been accustomed, but it gave them by degrees, from the example of taciturnity, a certain mixture of temper and moderation in their discourse; and it was observed, that there were

fewer wrangles and disputes at this ordinary, during the time Macklin kept it, than could well be expected in places which admitted of so mixed an assembly of people. The company generally consisted of wits, authors, players, Templars, and lounging men of the town.

Of the other part of this plan, which he called "The British Inquisition," it is impossible to think, without ascribing to the author a degree of vanity almost bordering on madness. By this plan, he not only incited a discussion on almost the whole circle of arts and sciences, which he was in a great measure to direct, but took upon himself solely to give lectures on the comedy of the ancients—the use of their masks, flutes, mimes, pantomimes, &c. He next engaged to draw a comparison between the stages of Greece and Rome. To conclude with lectures upon each of Shakspeare's plays, commenting on the different stories from which his plots were taken, the uses which he made of them, with strictures on his fables, morals, passions, manners, &c.

In respect to his knowledge of ancient comedy, and his attempt to draw a comparison between the Greek and Roman stage, he must have obtained it, if he made any literary inquiry at all, from Dryden's Prefaces, and other detached English writers on the subject, as he was totally unacquainted with either the Greek or Latin languages, and did not understand French well enough to avail himself of their criticisms. As to the original of Shakspeare's stories, and the uses he made of them, he was in a still worse predicament, as this required a course of reading in the cotemporary writers of Shakspeare's age, too multifarious either for the grasp of his mind, or for the time which, from other avocations, he could bestow on it; so that to every body, but *himself*, Macklin stood in a very ridiculous point of view, under the responsibility of large promises, with very little capital to discharge them.

Of his illustration of Shakspeare's plays, we believe there are no records, as he was not quite fool enough to print them, nor has even ridicule consigned them to memory: but, as a proof of what he was capable of doing as a critic in this line, we subjoin the following proposal he made to Garrick, as a kind of grateful compensation to him, for giving him the use of his theatre for one night, and for writing a farewell epilogue for him on the same occasion.

In his conversation with the manager about the great run of



Romeo and Juliet, he told him, that as the town had not properly settled which was the better Romeo, Barry or he, he meant ultimately to decide that question. Garrick, who was alive to fame, instantly cocked up his ear, and exclaimed, "Ah! my dear Mac, how will you bring this about?" "I will tell you, sir, I mean to show your different merits in the garden scene. Barry comes into it, sir, as great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that by G—d, sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out, and tossed the fellow in a blanket. Well, sir, after having fixed my auditor's attention to this part, then I shall ask, But does Garrick act thus? Why, sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him *just like a thief in the night.*"

At this Garrick could hold out no longer—he thanked him for his good intentions, but begged he would drop his design, as, after all, he thought it a question better left to the opinion of an audience, than to the subject of a lecture. With these qualifications as a critic, much success could not be augured from the lectures. The event turned out so; as, in a little time, the few who resorted to his rooms gave up all ideas of improvement, and the whole assumed an air of burlesque, which was still heightened by the gravity of Macklin, who, trusting to the efficiency of his own powers, appeared every night full dressed; dictating to the town in all the airs of superior intelligence. Foote stood at the head of the wits and laughers on this occasion. To a man of his humour, Macklin was as the dace to the pike, a sure prey. He accordingly made him his daily food for laughter and ridicule, by constantly attending his lectures, and by his questions, remarks, and repartees, kept the audience in a continual roar. Macklin sometimes made battle—but it was Priam to Pyrrhus—he now and then came out with a strong remark or bitter sarcasm; but in wit and humour Foote was greatly his superior. Foote likewise had the talent of keeping his temper, which added to his superiority. One night, as Macklin was preparing to begin his lecture, and hearing a buzz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner, talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a safe time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism: he therefore cried out with some authority.

"Well, sir, you seem to be very merry; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir," says Foote, "pray do *you*?" The ready and unembarrassed manner of this reply drew such a burst of laughter, as silenced the lecturer for some minutes; nor could he then get on till called upon by the general voice of the company.

Another time Macklin undertook to show the causes of duelling in Ireland, and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and, after getting as far as the reign of queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding, when Foote spoke to order.—"Well, sir, what have you to say on this subject?"—"Only to crave a little attention, sir," says Foote, with much seeming modesty, "when I think I can settle this point in a few words."—"Well, sir, go on." "Why then, sir," says Foote, "to begin—What o'clock is it?"—"O'clock!" says Macklin, "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?"—"Pray, sir," says Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin on this pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half past ten. "Very well," says Foote, "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland who can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling, and so there's an end of the chapter."—The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgment, and Macklin shut up his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

Another night, being at supper with Foote and some others at the Bedford, one of the company was praising Macklin on the great regularity of his ordinary, and in particular his manner of directing his waiters by *signals*. "Ay, sir," says Macklin, "I knew it would do. And where do you think I picked up this hint? Well, sir, I'll tell you: I picked it up from no less a man than James Duke, of York, who, you know, sir, first invented signals for the fleet."—"Very apropos indeed," says Foote, "and good poetical justice, as *from the fleet* they were taken, and so *to the fleet* both master and signals are likely to return."—All this, though galling to Macklin, was fun for the public; and if it had ended here, would perhaps have served Macklin in a pecuniary way, as much as it hurt his feelings in another; but Foote did not

know when he had enough of a good thing: he introduced him into his theatre at the Haymarket, where neither cut so good a figure as they did in the British Inquisition; and Macklin, in return, retorted in all kind of abuse and calumny. The public at last grew tired of the controversy, from being taken out of its proper place; and the British Inquisition soon after this began to feel a gradual decay in all its departments. Most people, except the projector, saw the seeds of a speedy dissolution in the first principles of this scheme. In the first place, it was upon a large and expensive scale, and quite novel in this country; it therefore not only required greater capital than Macklin was master of, but much greater talents, as he had neither learning, reading, figure, or elocution, for the oratorical part; nor assiduity, knowledge, or temper, for keeping a coffeehouse and tavern.

Whilst he amused himself with drilling his waiters, or fitting himself for the rostrum, by poring over the Athenian Oracle, or parliamentary debates, his waiters in return, were robbing him in all directions: his cook generally went to market for him, and his principal waiter was his principal butler; in short, Macklin had left himself little more to do in the essential parts of this business than paying the bills; and these soon poured in upon him so fast, that he could not even acquit himself of this employment. Accordingly, the next winter ultimately decided the question, as we find him a bankrupt on the 25th of January, 1755, under the title of vintner, coffeeman, and chapman. On his examination before the commissioners of bankruptcy, every thing turned out favourably, except as to what was no part of his character—prudence. It appeared he lost his money, partly by sums incurred in building and fitting up the rooms, and partly by the trade not being adequate to such a scale of expenditure. One circumstance, however, should not be omitted here, which redounded to his credit as a father, which was, that it appeared, by sufficient documents, he laid out no less than 1200*l.* on the education of his daughter—an education not ill bestowed as it respected exterior accomplishments, &c.; but which made so little impression on her gratitude, that at her death (which happened when her father was above eighty years of age, and when it was well known he was far from being independent,) she bequeathed the best part of her fortune to strangers; giving him, at the same time, such an eventual title to the other part, as was worse than absolute neglect:—it was a



legacy in mockery, as if she only thought of her faith to tantalize him with fruitless expectations.

Though miss Macklin was not so handsome, she was genteel in her person, and being highly accomplished, was fashionable in her manners and deportment. She was, beside, a very rising actress, and gave specimens of her singing and dancing in occasional entertainments, which made her a great favourite with the town. Some days previous to her benefit, whilst Macklin was sitting at breakfast, a loud knocking at his door announced the name of a Baronet, at that time as well known on the turf, as he has since been in the character of a noble lord and great legal practitioner. After the ceremonies of introduction were over, Macklin hoped "he would do him the honour of breakfasting with him;" which the other very frankly accepted, and the conversation became general. The stage, of course, formed one of the topics; when the baronet took this opportunity to praise miss Macklin in the highest strain of panegyric. This Macklin thought a good omen for his daughter's benefit night, and bowed most graciously to all his encomiums. At first, after a short pause (arising, as Macklin thought, from his embarrassment about the manner of asking for tickets,) the baronet began the following curious conversation: "After what I have said of your daughter, Mr. Macklin, you may suppose I am not insensible of her merits. I mean to be her friend—not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit, and such trifling acts of friendship, which mean nothing more than the vanity of patronage—I mean to be her friend for life."—"What do you allude to, sir?" says Macklin, roused at this last expression.—"Why," said the other, "I mean as I say, to make her my friend for life; and as you are a man of the world, and it is fit you should be considered in this business, I now make you an offer of 400*l.* per year for your daughter, and 200*l.* per year for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates during both your natural lives."

"I was at that time," said Macklin, "spreading some butter on my roll, and happened to have in my hand a large case-knife, which grasping, and looking steadily at the baronet, I desired him instantly to quit my apartment; telling him at the same time, that I was as much surprised at his folly as his profligacy, in thus attempting the honour of a child through the medium of her parent. He affected not to mind me, and was proceeding with some coarseness, when instantly I sprang from my seat, and holding the

knife near his throat, in a menacing manner, bade him make the best of his way down stairs, or I would instantly drive that instrument into his heart, as the due reward of such base and infamous proposals. Sir (continued the veteran,) I had no occasion to repeat my menaces a second time: by G—d, the fellow made but one jump from his chair to the door, and scampered down stairs as if the devil was in him. He ran across the garden in the same manner, thinking I was still at his heels; and so, sir, I never spoke to the rascal afterwards.”

He now joined Barry in founding a new theatre in Dublin; and in the spring of 1757, Macklin went to Ireland along with Barry and Woodward, who was admitted as a partner, and was present at laying the foundation-stone of Crow-street theatre. About September of the same year, Barry having obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to his new theatre, and arranged every other matter relative to his great design, returned to London, leaving Macklin as his *locum tenens*, who, to do him justice, was so very vigilant and industrious in all the departments of his trust, that upon Barry's return to Dublin, towards the close of the summer 1758, the theatre was nearly ready for performance.

Mrs. Macklin died about this time, before her husband could receive any benefit from her engagement; and he seemed much affected at the loss, as her judgment and good sense often kept him within the pale of propriety. This was his first wife: she was the widow of a respectable hosier in Dublin, of the name of Grace, where the marriage took place about 1731–2. She made her *debut* at Chester, in the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. She was esteemed an excellent actress in the walk of her profession, a very considerable reader, and possessed the accomplishments of singing and dancing to that degree as would have enabled her to have got her bread in those pursuits, had not her acting been considered as the most profitable employment. She had been some months before her death in a declining state, but her dissolution is said to have been hastened by her husband's losses and bankruptcy.

Crow-street theatre opened on the 23d of October, 1758. Macklin joined this corps as soon as decency for the loss of his wife would admit; but such was the versatility of his temper, that he not only quitted his engagement with Barry and Woodward, and returned to London in the middle of December, 1759, but made an engagement to perform at Smock-alley (the opposite house)

towards the close of the season; which, however, he did not fulfil. Macklin now had greater projects than joining the Irish theatres: at this time he got an engagement at Drury-lane, at a very considerable salary; and besides, had it in meditation to bring out his farce of *Love à la Mode*, which, though it met with some opposition in the beginning, afterwards received such applause, both in London and Dublin, as made amends for all his former dramatic miscarriages, and crowned him with no inconsiderable share of reputation. This farce, first acted at Drury-lane, 1760, he afterwards brought out at Covent-garden. He also wrote *The Married Libertine*, comedy, 1761; *The Irish Fine Lady*, farce, 1767; and *The Trueborn Scotchman*, comedy, which was afterwards acted under the title of the *Man of the World*, 1781.

In 1774 he attempted the character of Macdonald, which met with a most violent opposition. The ground of complaint against this actor was changed after his second appearance in the character, and from a critique upon his acting, his antagonists attacked him with regard to his *conduct*: this arose from a speech which he then made, wherein he asserted, that Mr. Sparks and Mr. Reddish had hissed him in the gallery on the first night of his appearance. These gentlemen made affidavits to the contrary; and during the whole week, the papers were filled with squibs on both sides. On his third appearance in *Macbeth*, previous to the play, he came on in his own character, with a manuscript in his hand, and, after much contest, was allowed to read a part of it, which contained the proofs of his former assertion. He then went through the character with some applause. This second address to the public produced a letter from Mr. Reddish to Mr. Macklin, to which the latter published an answer. An account having appeared in one of the papers of a tumult that occurred upon his fourth appearance in the character, in which it was said, "Mr. Smith's friends openly avowed the cause"—that gentleman applied to the printer, and finding Mr. Macklin to be the author of that declaration, addressed a letter to him the next day in the same paper, positively denying the charge.

These altercations created a very strong party against Mr. Macklin when he was to have played *Shylock*. They had stationed themselves in proper places of the pit and balcony boxes, for the better application to the managers. When the curtain drew up, the cry was general for Mr. Colman to make his appearance.



Bensley having been sent to learn the sense of the house, was not suffered to speak. Macklin then advanced in the dress of Shylock, and humbly supplicated to be heard; but a general uproar took place, and he was forced to retire. He next appeared in his own clothes, but the attempt was fruitless. Messrs. Miles and Sparks seemed to be the leaders of the opposition, and the latter stood up upon his seat with a written paper, anxious to communicate its contents to the house, but he was not suffered to read it. During this time, successive embassies were despatched from the manager, in the persons of Messrs. Bensley, Woodward, Reinbold, and Clark; but all to no purpose: nothing would satisfy them but the appearance of Mr. Colman. Macklin was on and off the stage every two minutes, but could not get leave to speak. He soon learned, by the delivery of a written paper, that it was the sense of the company he should never play there again. This he received with an affectation of contempt, at which the house was exceedingly incensed, and declared, that unless Mr. Colman would come forth, they would tear up the benches.

Soon afterwards Mr. Bensley brought in a board, on which was written in chalk, in large characters, "At the command of the public, Mr. Macklin is discharged:" a roar of applause ensued. An attempt was then made to perform *She Stoops to Conquer*; but the cry was still for Mr. Colman to confirm the written declaration in person. To pacify them, Mr. Fisher made his appearance, but was hooted off. Matters now became very serious. The ladies were desired to withdraw, and the gentlemen in the pit and the boxes united. On their beginning to tear up the seats, Mr. Colman advanced. The house became quiet; and the manager began by observing that, as "this was his first appearance on any stage, he hoped for their indulgence." This seasonable piece of wit conciliating the general furor, he told them with an audible voice, that "it was the intent of the proprietors of that theatre to comply with the commands of the public, even to the minutest particulars," and asked them, "if it was their pleasure that Mr. Macklin should be discharged?" The whole, as with one voice, cried "Yes!" Mr. Colman replied, "he is discharged;" and begged to know "whether it was their pleasure that the play of *She Stoops to Conquer* should be performed."—"No, no, no," was the universal cry. "Since this is the case," replied Mr. Colman, "the money must be returned, for it is not in our power to perform any

other," and then retired. However, the house still seeming dissatisfied, a fresh attempt was made to perform it, but in vain; the clamour continued, and nothing remained but for Mr. Lewis to give out the opera of *Love in a Village*, which put an end to the altercation about eight o'clock.

Macklin now went to law with his adversaries, Lee, James, Aldus, Miles, and Clark, and substantiated his losses. On the 11th May, 1775, the court proceeded to state the judge's report, in order to pronounce judgment against the offenders; and after it was determined that they should make Macklin a reasonable compensation in damages, for two years' salary, at 100*l.* each; two benefits, at 200*l.* each; and the whole of his expenses out of pocket; Macklin generously relinquished the whole of his damages upon the following terms: "To have his law expenses reimbursed him; the gentlemen to take one hundred pounds' worth of tickets for his daughter's benefit, one hundred pounds' worth of tickets for his own benefit, and one hundred pounds' worth of tickets for the benefit of the theatre, on the first night of his being reinstated in his employment."

After this he occasionally performed, and paid a visit to Dublin during Mr. Daly's management. On the 27th of November, 1788, while representing the character of sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in his own comedy of *The Man of the World*, he suddenly lost his recollection, and addressed the audience, informing them, that unless he found himself more capable, he should not again venture to solicit their attention. After this, however, he appeared again, and in the middle of the character of Shylock, for his own benefit, May 7, 1789, his memory failed twice in the same manner, and part was finished by Mr. Ryder. Finding himself now wholly incapable of performing, he retired with regret from the stage, and about four years after, by the advice of his friends, his two pieces, *The Man of the World*, and *Love à la Mode*, were, under the superintendence of Mr. Murphy, first printed and offered to the public by subscription; when the large contributions of several distinguished characters amounted to upwards of 1500 pounds, which, under the direction of Dr. Brockelsby, John Palmer, Esq. and Mr. Longman, trustees, was laid out (agreeable to the proposals) in purchasing an annuity of 200*l.* for Mr. Macklin, and of 75*l.* for Mrs. Macklin (his second wife), in case she survived him. This great master of the stage (who latterly became very languid

and defective in memory), died July 11, 1797, and his remains were interred at the north side of Covent-garden church. As an actor, the censure bestowed on him by Churchill was just: but his very defects were in his favour in the representation of Shylock, and in his own plays of the *Man of the World*, and *Love à la Mode*. He had an extraordinary harsh set of features, and an unprepossessing countenance, which occasioned Quin to say of him, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain!"

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### LIFE OF WILLIAM WARREN,

Manager and Actor,

Continued from the *Mirror* for May last, and concluded, page 284.

AFTER an interruption of many months, which nothing but unavoidable necessity could justify, we resume the biography of Mr. Warren. Our readers will remember that we left him comfortably seated at his father's fire-side at Bath, on his return from his third sally in pursuit of theatric adventure. Hitherto his stage history had been nothing but a tissue of hard struggle, and though not of griping penury, certainly of continual embarrassment and frequent distress. We are now to follow him through a train of events better suited to his deserts, to his establishment in the situation he now holds with so much credit to himself, advantage to the theatre, and satisfaction to the society with which he has incorporated himself, his family and his fortunes, for life.

He had been about six weeks at home, and completely fitted out again by his parents, when he was introduced by Bignell to Incedon, Blanchard, Powell and some others of the leading metropolitan actors, who were then engaged at the Bath theatre. Their acquaintance soon ripened into a friendly regard for the young man's interests, and they not only earnestly conjured him not to return to the walk in which he had moved, but joining their interests together, wrote to Collins and Davis, the managers of a circuit of respectable country theatres which comprehended Salisbury, Southampton and Winchester, recommending him for an engagement. To this application the managers returned for answer, that their fixed company was full; but that if Warren would come and take his chance with them till summer, they would then give him a situation, several of their performers being engaged to



join the royalty theatre in London at that time. This invitation was gladly accepted by our hero, who resolved to lose no time in setting out to take advantage of it; so once more leaving his father's house, plentifully supplied with genteel clothes of every kind, he took the road, as was usual with him, on foot, to Salisbury. Arrived at that city, it was his good fortune to meet Dowton, one of the best players in his line the British stage has to boast of, and, what does not always happen, as good a man as player:—Warmly benevolent, and friendly, and steadfast in his friendships, he received and treated Warren with great kindness, got him lodged in the same house with himself, and with himself messed him, and arranged every thing for him in the most comfortable manner. For some time our hero was obliged to take up with such characters as could be spared him. Some were good, some bad; but being of a contented turn of mind, and convinced of the fair and friendly intentions of the managers, he took the bad with as much cheerfulness as the good, having even then, the good sense to perceive a truth in which his uniform experience has since confirmed him, viz. that the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of an actor are restiveness, ill temper, and discontent, while cheerful acquiescence, and industry, as they prove a regard for the general interests of the managers and company, never fail to inspire them with a reciprocal consideration, and to place them at last in the best situation compatible with their talents; while the turbulent, the discontented, the restless and the capricious, however gifted, rarely fail to live in uneasiness, incessant struggle, precarious circumstances, and contempt, and, at the close of life, to die in abject poverty. Had Warren been one of those discontented fellows, he would be at this day, in all probability, but a poor despised stroller in England.

At this time an incident occurred in which our hero had a share, and which gave rise to an important alteration in the laws of England respecting the rights and privileges of actors. A person who had a dispute with the proprietor, informed against the Salisbury theatre, under the old statute, commonly called the vagrant act, which, though not repealed, had long been considered a mere dead letter; but was now revived and made the instrument of a base scoundrel's vengeance.—The prosecution was laid for the performance of Holcroft's comedy of "Seduction" and the comedy "He would be a Soldier,"—in both of which Warren performed—

the law was written and could not be evaded, and the proprietor was fined: but so flagrant an act of injustice, cruelty, and despotism raised not only abhorrence, but a generous spirit of opposition to the law—the affair was brought before parliament, the old statute was repealed, and a protecting act was passed, by which justices of peace were forbidden to refuse a license to, and enjoined to protect any manager who should choose to establish a theatre.

For the mind of a good man there can hardly be a more pleasing employment than that of contemplating the progress of a young person of integrity in his journey through life, and tracing him step by step in the gradual advancement acquired by persevering industry and virtue as well as talent. It is for this reason we feel, and think our readers will also feel pleasure in accompanying our hero in his rise from a beggarly share of four or five shillings a week with old Biggs, through his various pecuniary revolutions, till with the company into which we have now brought him, sufficiency, nay relative affluence, and circumstances which old Cosey would call comfortable, began to reward his honest labours. In a circuit from Salisbury to Chichester, from Chichester to Cirencester, from Cirencester to Newport, in the Isle of Wight, where there is a most beautiful theatre, the company playing upon shares, succeeded so well as to improve the plight of Warren's purse, and make him easy: And at Winchester, where there is a noble theatre, and where the company were joined by Wordsworth and by Blisset (the father of our Doctor Dablancour) just arrived from Bath, he improved it still further by an excellent benefit.

The new theatre at the beautiful town of Southampton now received our company, among whom Warren was placed in a very respectable line of business.—Here he played Clifford in the Heiress, Macduff, Alonzo, and, with these, much comic business. The company was now excellent, being joined by Messrs. Incleden, Martyr and Moss; and Warren's allotment averaged three guineas a week, of which, as he was by no means extravagant, and was in a cheap town, he was able to lay a considerable share apart, after living comfortably. It may surprise, if it does not amuse the reader, to hear that Mr. Johnson, the player, and Warren, had two neat well furnished rooms between them, for four shillings sterling a week, and had an excellent dinner every day at the Three Ton's tavern for six pence a piece. A trip to Portsmouth, where, the place being full, they had a very profitable season,

closed our hero's adventures in that part of the kingdom for ever: For in 1788 he went to the North of England, and engaged with the celebrated Tate Wilkinson, at York. Here too, he found his situation as pleasant as he could reasonably expect. Wilkinson, though he had some foibles, was a very good manager, and to his meritorious performers a kind friend; and never did a very harsh thing to any one. For much interesting matter respecting Warren during his engagement with him, which was the last he had in England, we refer our readers to a very entertaining book, intitled, "Wilkinson's Wandering Patentee," where they will find our hero honourably and advantageously mentioned.

While he was with Wilkinson, it happened fortunately for him, that Mrs. Siddons was engaged to perform at York. To her Jane Shore, he played Gloster—to her Isabella, Count Baldwin—to her Belvidera, Priuli, and to her Lady Randolph, Old Norval. She expressed more than ordinary approbation of his conduct, applauded his talents, and particularly bestowed upon him the praise of never having in a single instance injured her performance, or disconcerted her by any kind of incorrectness: He was always perfect, not only in words, but the stage business of his part, and always so exactly in his place, that nothing went wrong, a satisfaction which she rarely experienced in her provincial migrations. In a word, she made him a tender of her good offices, and assured him that whenever an occasion should offer, she would recommend him to particular notice.

In 1796, the arrival of Mr. Wignell in England, to raise levies for the Philadelphia new theatre, furnished the exalted lady just mentioned with an opportunity of performing her generous promise. Through the medium of a Mr. Grainger, Warren offered himself to Wignell, and referred to Mrs. Siddons for a character, which she gave in such strong terms of recommendation, that the American manager made our hero an offer such as he felt his interest to accept without a moment's consideration. For, respectable though our hero's situation was in England, it was by no means so profitable as he had reason to wish. The highest salary in the company was a guinea and a half a week, and some stood as low as fifteen shillings, in that circuit, though it was one of the first out of London; and as he was then married, something more was desirable to provide for the comfort and repose of old age. Accordingly, he repaired to London, where he settled all matters with Mr. Wignell, and on the



10th of September, 1796, embarked at Gravesend, from whence the vessel dropping on to the Downes took in Mr. and Mrs. Merry and Mr. Cooper; and proceeding down the Channel reached New York in twenty-one days, from land to land; or in twenty-eight from the time Warren embarked.

Mr. Warren's first appearance in Philadelphia was in the character of Friar Lawrence;—Romeo by Mr. Moreton, and Juliet, by Mrs. Merry—After which he performed *Bundle* in the *Waterman*.

In fifteen years' constant observation on the acting of Mr. Warren, the public must certainly have made up their minds upon his professional merit. No one on the stage has a more clear and indisputable title to the character of a useful actor than he has: since performing continually in tragedy and comedy, play and farce, and taking, as the occasional exigencies of the theatre demand, any and every character of consequence, he is never less than respectable in any of them. Equally ready for *Old Norval*, or *Lord Randolph*, *Falstaff* or *King Henry*, and so forth, he is always sure to be perfect in each. But he is intitled to praise of a much higher kind than that of being merely respectable; in his performance of old men in tragedy, and in sentimental comedy he is judicious, nervous, chaste and pathetic.—His *King Henry* in *Richard the Third*—his *Old Norval*, *Brabantio*, *Priuli* and *Stockwell*, with many we cannot now name are instances of his excellence in this department. In broad comedy—for instance, in *Falstaff* and *Cacafogo*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Hardcastle*, *Governour Tempest*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Old Philpot*, *Old Rapid*, *Caustic*, *Old Dowdal* and an infinite number of other characters, we should, among the players of this country look in vain for his equal—and in some of them scarcely find his superior in Europe: Of him indeed, may be said what of no other in this country but *Cooke*, can be said, that as an actor he would be able to maintain in any theatre in Britain or Ireland the same rank that he holds here.

As a private individual in the various relations of life, whether as son, father, brother, husband, or friend, Mr. Warren need not fear to have his character put in competition with the best of his fellow citizens. This is a topic, however, on which we forbear to dilate. The people of this country are neither ignorant of Mr. Warren's character, nor, to do them justice, are they niggardly in acknowledging his virtues:—to dwell upon the subject, therefore, would only hurt his feelings, without conveying to any reader an idea that is not already familiar to him.

### COMMUNICATION DESCRIBING THE FIRE AT RICHMOND.

THE late destruction of the Richmond theatre by fire, has been attended by a calamity of the most afflicting nature. A city, but a few days since, enlivened by a circle made up of the gayest, noblest, and warmest hearts in the world, is, in a single hour deprived of numbers whose society rendered it inexpressibly dear to the resident, and delightful to the stranger. A city celebrated, beyond all others in the union, for its cheerfulness and refinement, is, without warning, and in the midst of its festivity, suddenly shrouded in mourning and convulsed with wo. Every circumstance of this event, tends to aggravate its horror. A gay, animated, and fearless assembly are in a moment thrown into confusion, frenzied with terror, and many of them doomed to perish in the most agonizing torture. Such a scene,—*the destruction of such victims!*—to happen any where, would be almost insupportable;—but that it should happen in a *theatre*,—a place of amusement,—consummates the affliction, and renders it, beyond precedent, tremendous and overwhelming.—Let the unhappy survivors fly for comfort to the Word of that Deity, who is merciful in his most terrific mandates. There are few more convincing proofs of the divine origin of the Bible, than the power which it gives us of enduring affliction with fortitude, and of converting it to the most salutary and important uses.

So deep has been the agitation of the Richmond people that no regular and connected account of this event has yet transpired. All the printed or written narratives are constantly interrupted by exclamations of wo, and they all promise a more definite description when the frenzy of the present moment shall subside. From the palpitating and broken relations which have reached us, it appears that on the 26th of December, a new play and pantomime was advertised for the benefit of Mr. Placide, and that these entertainments attracted an audience of seven hundred—the fullest and most fashionable house this season. The play and the first act of the pantomime went off. The second act began, Mr. West was on the stage, and the orchestra were in full chorus. At this moment, from some mismanagement of the lights behind, part of the

scenery took fire. The sparks falling from above, upon Mr. West, gave the first alarm. The performers and their attendants in the mean time endeavoured to tear down the scenery and extinguish the flames, without disturbing the spectators. To suppress the alarm which the falling sparks excited, they cried out from the stage that there was no danger. From this the audience inferred that the shower of the fire was a part of the play, and were for a little time restrained from flight. But the flames flew with unexampled rapidity, and Mr. Robertson came out in unutterable distress, pointed to the ceiling, and uttered these appalling words, "THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!" His hand was immediately stretched forth to the persons in the stage box, to help them on the stage, and aid their retreat in that direction. The cry of "FIRE! FIRE!" passed with electric velocity through the house;—every one flew from their seats to gain the lobbies and stairs.

It happened most unfortunately, that the general entrance to the pit and boxes was through a door not more than large enough to admit two or three persons abreast. This entrance was within a trifling distance of the pit door; but to reach the boxes, it was necessary to *descend* into a long, and, if we rightly recollect, a winding passage, which terminated at a little angular staircase, that rose into the lobby of the lower boxes. The entrance to the gallery was distinct. This peculiar and wretched formation will explain the reason why those who were in the pit and gallery escaped, while such terrible destruction overwhelmed those who filled the boxes. The pit door was so near the general entrance that the occupants of the pit sprang forward, gained it, and cleared themselves from the house, almost before the crowd that was in the boxes caught the alarm. The editor of the American Standard had left the pit; he turned and discovered the whole building to be in flames;—the pit was completely deserted; and yet for some time the grand avenue was empty, and not an individual got thither from the boxes. It was at this moment that the horrors of the scene commenced. Those who were in the boxes became panic struck. All or nearly all might have been preserved, had they but jumped into the pit, and gained the outlet in that direction. A gentleman and lady who otherwise would have perished had their lives saved by being providentially thrown thither from the second boxes. But all darted toward the lobbies. The stairways were instantly blocked up. In two minutes the whole audience were com-



pletely enveloped in hot scorching smoke and flame. The lights were extinguished by the black and smothering vapor; cries, shrieks, confusion, and despair succeeded. Those who had gained the outside implored the sufferers to leap from the windows. Several were thrown back while struggling in the attempt. Many children, females, and men precipitated themselves from the first and second story—one broke his neck—others escaped, though several with broken legs and thighs and hideous contusions; while a child, of twelve years old, darted from the window, and came off unhurt. The gentlemen from without caught many as they leaped. Among these, Miss Harvey, whose clothes were on fire, sprang into the arms of the editor of the Standard. He tore away her burning dress, wrapped her in his coat, and bore her to a neighbouring house. She died, in consequence of her wounds, on the following day.

But who can picture the distress of those, who unable to gain the windows or afraid to leap from them, were pent up in the long narrow passages, almost suffocated by the smoke, or writhing with agony in the flames, which, within ten minutes after it caught, enveloped the whole house. The scene baffles all description. The most heart-piercing cries echoed from every side.—Amiable, helpless females, stretched forth their imploring hands, crying, "Save me, sir: oh, sir, save *me*, save *me*!"—Wives and children shrieked for their husbands and fathers, while the gathering element came rolling on its curling flames, and columns of smoke, threatening to devour every human being in the building. Many were trodden under foot—numbers were raised several feet over the heads of the rest—and so great was the pressure that they retarded each other, until the devouring element overwhelmed and swept them into eternity. Several who even emerged from the building were so much scorched that they have since perished, and many others were crushed under foot after getting outside of the door!

To paint the scene which ensued is impossible. Women with dishevelled hair; fathers and mothers shrieking out for their children, husbands for their wives, brothers for their sisters, filled the whole area on the outside of the building. A few, who had escaped, plunged again into the flames to save some dear object of their regard, and they perished. Others were frantic, and would have rushed to destruction, but for the hand of a friend. The people

were seen wringing their hands, beating their heads and breasts, and those that were in safety, seemed to suffer greater torments than those who were enveloped in flames. The bells tolled. Almost the whole town rushed to the fatal spot.

So sudden was this desolation that it must be difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain its real origin. That it *must* have caught to the scenery from some light behind is not to be questioned; but whether it arose from carelessness or unavoidable accident, it remains for the committee, who have been appointed by the Richmond council, to determine. We hope this melancholy event will place all managers on their guard. Every article of the theatre was consumed; as well as the dwelling house next to it. But what is wealth compared with the valuable lives which have gone forever!—Youth and beauty and old age and genius overwhelmed in one promiscuous ruin—a city shrouded in wo—heads of families extinguished for ever—a chasm in many and many a house that can never be filled up!

It is scarcely possible to imagine any thing more awful than the suspense with which the friends of those who were missing must have awaited their return during the night, or more distracting than their horror on finding that all traces of them were destroyed; and nothing remained of the gay, the noble, and the accomplished, but a rude and shapeless heap of bones. It was by counting the skulls that the number of sufferers was first ascertained.\*

\* The committee appointed to ascertain the names of those who fell beneath this blow, have handed in the following list. Some of the most estimable characters in the union will be recognised among them.

George W. Smith, governor of the state; Abraham B. Venable, president of the bank; Benjamin Botts and wife; Mrs. Gallego; Miss Conyers; Lieut. James Gibbon; Cyprian Marks (wife of Mordecai Marks); Margaret Copeland; Louisa Mayo (Mrs. Preston's daughter); Mrs. Patrick Gibson; Miss Nancy Green (daughter of Mr. Green, the performer); Sophia and Cecilia Trouin; Joseph Jacobs and Elizabeth, his daughter; Charlotte Raphael (daughter of Solomon Raphael); Adeline Bausman; Ann Craig (daughter of Mrs. Adam Craig); William Southgate (son of Wright Southgate); Arianna Hunter; Mary Whitlock; Julianna Harvey; Mrs. Heron; Mrs. Girardin and child; Mrs. Robert Greenhow; Mrs. Moss; Baruch Judah's child; Mrs. Leslie;—Edward Wanton, George Dixon, Thomas Frazier, all youths;—William Brown; Mrs. Patterson; John Welsh (a young Englishman, nephew to sir Arthur Pigott); Mrs. Tayloe Braxton; Mrs. Elizabeth Page; Mrs. Jerrod; James Waldron; Miss Elliott (from New Kent); Margaret Anderson; Sally

Friday, the 27th, was a day of dreariness and despair. Every eye was red with weeping and fixed upon the ground. Business was suspended; the banks and stores were closed; a law was passed prohibiting amusements of every kind for the term of four months. The citizens went into mourning for one month. The following Wednesday was set apart for a day of humiliation and prayer. It was resolved that a monument should be erected in memory of the dead; that the remains of those whose bodies were not recognised, or whose rings, bracelets, or necklaces, did not furnish some clue to their discovery, should be buried at the public cost in the pit of the theatre; and that a CHURCH should be built over them, subscriptions for which, to the amount of TWO THOUSAND dollars, were instantly volunteered.

The history of this dreadful occurrence excited a sensation every where, which can only be exceeded by the sufferings of those who were on the spot. At Washington balls and parties were postponed, amusements suspended, and the representatives of the United States immediately resolved to shroud themselves in mourning. In this city, one hundred Virginians, medical students at the university, passed a similar resolution; and set apart a day for religious exercises appropriate to the occasion.

Clay (daughter of the Hon. M. Clay); Lucy Gwathney; Mrs. Gerard; Mary Davis; Jane Wade; Mrs. William Cooke and daughter; Elizabeth Stevenson; Mrs. Convert and child; Betsey Griffin; Mrs. Thomas Wilson; Mrs. Boshier; Miss Maria Nelson; Miss Mary Page; Mrs. Laforest; Elvira Coutts; Mrs. Pickit; Miss Littlepage; Jean Baptiste Rezi; Thomas Lecroix; Mrs. John Boshier; Edward James Harvie; a carpenter by the name of Nuttal; one mulatto boy; four black servant women;—Seventy-one in all!!



## MISCELLANY.

## EXTRAORDINARY MODE OF COURTSHIP IN SCOTLAND.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR in his statistical account of Scotland, tells us of a very extraordinary mode of courtship, and as curious a mode of terminating the nuptial rejoicings, which prevails in Ayrshire, in Scotland, in the neighbourhood of a place called Galston.

When a young man wishes to pay his addresses to his sweetheart, instead of going to her father's, and professing his passion, he goes to a public house; and, having let the landlady into the secret of his attachment, the object of his wishes is immediately sent for, who almost never refuses to come. She is entertained with ale and whiskey, or brandy; and the marriage is concluded on. The second day after the marriage, a *creeling*, as it is called, takes place. The young wedded pair, with their friends, assemble in a convenient spot. A small creel or basket is prepared for the occasion, into which they put some stones: The young men carry it alternately, and allow themselves to be caught by the maidens, who have a kiss when they succeed. After a great deal of innocent mirth and pleasantry, the creel falls at length to the young husband's share, who is obliged to carry it generally for a long time, none of the women having compassion upon him. At last, his fair mate kindly relieves him from his burthen; and her complaisance, in this particular, is considered as a proof of her satisfaction with the choice she has made. The creel goes round again; more merriment succeeds, and all the company dine together, and talk over the feats of the field.\*

\* Perhaps the French phrase, "*Adieu paniers, vendanges sont faites,*" may allude to a similar custom.

A poem which at once charms the fancy and engages the heart so deeply as the following, it were superfluous to offer any thing more by way of preface than an earnest recommendation to our readers not to lose a word of it. If our information be correct, the author was an American. It has, however, by some means which, considering the value of the composition appear to us unaccountable, been as yet little known. We consider ourselves as enriching the treasures of American literature by giving it a permanent place of record.

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GRATITUDE.

WHERE, 'mid Italia's ever sunny lands;  
 Fast by the streams of Po, Ferrara stands,  
 At manhood's full extent, now just arriv'd,  
 In splendid leisure young Cornaro liv'd;  
 Of Hymen's couch the first, and best belov'd,  
 Each gift kind nature lent him, art improv'd.  
 He knew, and lov'd his city, yet would know,  
 What other cities different had to show;  
 Eager to gratify his stretching mind,  
 To one small realm too narrowly confin'd.  
 To tell his sire his wish, was to succeed;  
 The son but hinted, and the sire agreed:  
 And, as became him, full supplied he went,  
 And to Livonia first his journey bent;  
 On whose fair shore each distant nation meets,  
 And fills with various tongues her peopled streets,  
 Each object, there, his strict attention drew,  
 Much he observ'd;—but, still, found something new;  
 And sought it still, for, knowledge all his end,  
 Him, who could furnish that, he deem'd his friend.

Of graceful presence, and inviting mien,  
 He, in each place of full resort, was seen;  
 On the throng'd quay, or in the busy hall,  
 And, skill'd in tongues, seem'd countryman to all.  
 His lodgings, on a large quadrangle's side,  
 To him, still thinking, farther thought supply'd;  
 And, as each hour of passing day went by,  
 Some scene, worth note, still met his curious eye.  
 Yet one, among the rest, he oft had weigh'd,  
 And, oftenest seen, the stronger mark it made:  
 For the sad sigh, that keen misfortune drew,  
 Still to his breast an easy access knew.

As he, each morn, the rising sun beheld,  
 E'er yet the moving square with crowds was fill'd;  
 On one same spot, as still he look'd around,  
 One solitary wretch he always found:  
 A porter's garb declar'd his present yoke;  
 But his whole mien a birth superior spoke;  
 Sighs from his breast in spite of shame would rise,  
 And tears, repress'd, flow'd faster from his eyes,  
 Which with a *knotted rope* he wip'd away,  
 Sad emblem of his fortune's deep decay.

The youth, who, pitying, saw the frequent grief,  
 Thought pity blameful, carrying no relief;  
 And generously curious, sought to know,  
 In hopes to ease the stranger's heart-felt wo.  
 Cornaro call'd him from his wretched stand;  
 He came, and silent, waited his command,  
 Thinking some errand would a mite afford,  
 Just to support a being he abhor'd.

But other business fill'd Cornaro's breast,  
 And his kind suit in tenderest words he prest.  
 Begg'd that he would his cause of grief impart  
 To one, who lov'd to soothe an aching heart,  
 And always thought, however low his sphere,  
 The man who felt affliction worth his care;  
 But here believ'd, the stroke of fickle fate  
 Was fall'n on him who'd known a better state.  
 "Then speak," said he, "nor let false shame conceal  
 Whate'er, with truth, a sufferer may reveal;  
 And if my happier lot may ease thy woes,  
 Whate'er a stranger's ear may learn disclose."

The listening wretch each word with wonder heard,  
 Felt they were virtue's dictates, and was cheer'd;  
 Ventur'd to throw his slavish badge aside,  
 And, thus, with manly confidence reply'd.

"I was not always what I now appear,  
 But, truths, thy nobleness hath challeng'd—hear.  
 First—I'm a Moslem—yet, as here confin'd,  
 Must wish thee, as thy milder doctrines, kind:  
 O! love *thy* faith—but hate not me for mine,  
 Which, wert thou born a Turk, had still been thine.

"Next, know, e'er sunk to this most abject state,  
 Smyrna once saw me happy, though not great;  
 By merchandize with sumptuous affluence blest,  
 And sweet content, which great ones seldom taste.  
 But oh! to *have been* blest, brings no relief;  
 It adds a stronger, keener pang to grief.—



Forgive these tears, which utter, as they flow,  
 A son's,—a husband's,—and a father's wo;  
 To swell each sigh these different feelings join;  
 For all these dear relations once were mine.  
 Nor did the hopes of adding to my store  
 By lawless plunder, send me from my shore;  
 To gain in bloody fields a hero's name,  
 And reach o'er slaughter'd heaps a warrior's fame.  
 'Twas duty bade me catch the coming gale,  
 And filial love that hoisted every sail;  
 'Twas to a father's fond embrace I went,  
 E'er yet his lamp of life was wholly spent;  
 To give my sire once more his long lost boy,  
 And fill his heart with all a parent's joy.

"For Cyprus, then, I sail'd;—what since befel,  
 Let these vile chains,—this abject habit tell;  
 Which with for ever growing grief I bear,  
 And, now, the fourth drear winter sees me wear;  
 And years may roll on years, unstopp'd my grief,  
 Till welcome death shall bring his last relief.  
 And long, ere this sad hour, my friends forlorn  
 May, drooping o'er my death untimely, mourn;  
 My fond, old sire, perhaps, my fate unknown,  
 Wailing my ravish'd life, consume his own;  
 And what dire pangs my orphan children feel,  
 If thou'st a tender parent, thou may'st tell."

He ceas'd;—tears stopp'd his accents;—and the rest  
 A silence, far beyond all words, express'd.  
 Nor spoke Cornaro more,—he, too, was mute,  
 Nor language found his fellow grief to suit;  
 But struggling with a tender, bursting sigh,  
 Scarcely sobb'd forth,—Friend, take this small supply,  
 'Twill yield thee some relief;—and were it mine  
 To give,—bliss and liberty should be thine!  
 He took the gold, and bow'd,—then, slow return'd,  
 And, as was wont, in silent sorrow mourn'd.

Cornaro see in other guise appear;  
 Sudden he stopp'd the unavailing tear:  
 And he, said he, my soul, thy joy express'd;  
 'Tis in thy power to make the wretched bless'd:  
 Now am I bless'd indeed, since on my wealth  
 Depends another's being,—freedom,—health.  
 'Tis I can bid the sun of mercy shine;  
 His health, his liberty, his life, are mine:  
 Whate'er he has of joy, or might receive,  
 His country, children, wives, are mine to give.

Now, India's lord amid his boundless store  
 And endless mines, compar'd with me is poor.  
 Quick, then, Cornaro, to his ransom flee,  
 And let this morning's sun behold him free!

Straight to the governor Cornaro went,  
 His name, his rank, his cause of coming sent;  
 Nor needed long to wait:—his errand told,  
 Bringing that ne'er refus'd credential,—gold;  
 The price requir'd for liberty he gave;  
 And quick return'd to find the now but fancy'd slave,  
 And said—Be free!—His transports who can tell?  
 Which only his who caus'd it could excel;  
 Prostrate, before him, in wild joy he fell;  
 Gladness and wonder in his bosom wrought,  
 With lab'ring gratitude his soul was fraught;  
 Nor had he power to utter half he thought.  
 Yet,—O, my great deliverer!—he cried,  
 Can such transcendent worth in man reside?  
 Or can it be,—that Christian doctrines teach  
 Virtues beyond our sacred prophet's reach?  
 Yet oh!—whate'er the wondrous cause,—receive  
 As much of gratitude as words can give!  
 Nor let these bursting tears its force destroy,  
 Slaves late of grief, soft offspring now of joy.  
 And how my deeds shall with my words agree,  
 Let me once reach my country, thou shalt see,  
 And know thy generous bounty was not lost;  
 I scorn to ask thee what my freedom cost:  
*That*,—to my gratitude has no regard—  
 Up to thy worth I'll measure thy reward.  
 But can that be?—Stop, there, Cornaro said,  
 If you are happy, I am *more* than paid.  
 And lest your happiness should meet delay,  
 Here's gold, wherewith to speed thee on thy way;  
 If grateful thou wilt be,—at thy return,  
 Amidst those slaves, who there in bondage mourn,  
 Search out some Christian, from the wretched band,  
 Who best may merit freedom from thy hand;  
 Then, think, 'tis in thy power to pay my debt  
 By shewing him the mercy thou hast met!

He said,—and to his lodgings back return'd,  
 Honour's bright lamp within him gently burn'd;  
 Felt and enjoy'd the riot of his breast,  
 While conscience furnish'd out the noble feast.

As free as air, from prison just broke out,  
 The Moslem, instantly the harbour sought;

There found a ship, all trim with swelling sails,  
And just prepar'd to catch the fav'ring gales.  
Smyrna her port;—with prosperous winds she flies,  
And gives him to his home, and former joys.

Livonia, now, as his Ferrara, known,  
Where, next, for knowledge, is Cornaro flown?  
For a soul's banquet far he need not fly,  
Venice, old Ocean's fairest child so nigh,  
O'er the fam'd Adriatic, where she stood,  
That swells, unenvious of the Tuscan flood;  
Though Naples, Florence, on his banks he names,  
And to him Tyber pours, from Rome, its streams.  
When o'er the Continent fell slavery flew,  
Hither, the goddess, Liberty, withdrew;  
Here, plac'd her cap, her staff, her armour here,  
And as her own fierce Sparta, held it dear.  
Each art and science this their dwelling own,  
As guardians to their goddess Freedom's throne;  
And, as her handmaid, busy Commerce toils,  
Her sister-goddess, Plenty, cheerful smiles.

Here glad Cornaro fix'd,—and hop'd to find  
All that might please a knowledge-loving mind.  
Where the tall columns rose in beauteous wreath,  
Or sculpture seem'd to speak, or paint to breathe.

And, ah! he little thought,—the hour was nigh,  
When all the pleasures of his mind should die;  
The beams of science from his soul retire,  
And fade,—extinguish'd by a nobler fire.  
As kindled wood, howe'er its flames might rise,  
When the bright sun appears, in embers dies.  
Soon as his breast perceiv'd the pow'rful ray,  
Whate'er before possess'd it, instantly gave way.  
As, in the wood, beneath the lightning's beam,  
Perish the leaves, and the whole tree is flame:  
*Minerva*, sudden, from his soul was fled,  
And *Venus* reign'd, exclusive, in her stead.

A thousand fair ones in Love's frolic train,  
Long at the youth had bent their shafts in vain;  
Launch'd from the wanton eye they sought his heart,  
But Virtue's buckler still repuls'd the dart.  
Nor all their force, or poison, need he fear,  
Virtue must tip the shaft that enters there.  
As diamonds scorn the keenest pow'rs of steel,  
And touch'd alone, by fellow-gems, can feel.

One glance at last, an easy passage found,  
And, *undirected*, made the deeper wound;



From *Modesty's* bright quiver it was sent,  
 Nor knew its beauteous owner where it went.  
 From chaste Delphina's powerful eye it came,  
 Malta to Venice lent the charming dame.  
 Malta,—bless'd Isle!—whose daughters all are fair,  
 Whose sons to manly fortitude are dear.  
 So properly do love and glory meet,  
 And beauty, still, with valour, holds its seat.  
 To Venice, by a noble father sent,  
 Some pleasing moons the fair one there had spent;  
 Beneath a tender uncle's careful eye;  
 To whom, but him, shou'd then Cornaro fly?  
 To him his cause of anxious grief unfold?  
 His country, name, and parentage, he told;  
 At once, confess'd his honourable flame,  
 And begg'd permission to address the dame.

To the sweet maid Cornaro urgent su'd,  
 And fair Delphina to his hopes subdu'd;  
 Nor, modesty, herself, a blush put on,  
 To be by such a lover quickly won.

Smoothly, thus far, to happiness, he went,  
 Nothing was wanting, but the sire's consent;  
 Which one, endow'd as he, was sure to gain,  
 And when, once seen, would certainly obtain.  
 Th' observing uncle mark'd the wond'rous youth,  
 Fathom'd his love, his constancy, and truth:  
 Said,—to her father, pleas'd, he would them speed.  
 He said,—and soon the enamour'd youth agreed.  
 Lo! with its precious freight the vessel stor'd,  
 Cornaro, and his happiness, on board.  
 Bless'd with *chaste* beauty, he such trifles scorn'd  
 As Jason stole, or Menelaus mourn'd.  
 Can gold, the heart, like conquering beauty move?  
 Or what is *lust* compar'd to *sacred love*?

And now, for Malta, with full sails they stand,  
 Came, saw, and all but touch'd the promis'd land.  
 When, O sad scene of Fortune's altering brow,  
 False, as the skies above, or seas below;  
 A Turkish galley mark'd them from afar,  
 Pursu'd their vessel, unprepar'd for war;  
 Resistance vain, by numbers overborne,  
 To Smyrna were they carried slaves forlorn.

Can words—what *thought* can scarce conceive—express  
 The uncle's, virgin's, lover's deep distress?  
 Compar'd with which the mangling knife would please,  
 And the fierce rack's severest pangs be ease.

And now, expos'd to public sale they stood,  
 Amidst the bartering Turk's insulting crowd:  
*Immortal souls the property decreed*  
 Of the best bidder,—like the ox, or steed.  
 E'n this the lovers bore, each other near,  
 And, yet unparted, felt no full despair.

But, see, at length, accomplish'd wo arrive!  
 To deal the last, sad wound, she had to give:  
 Her sable store she cull'd, the dart to find,  
 Nor left one half so venom'd shaft behind.  
 Among the dealers of this cruel fair,  
 Traffic accurs'd—that makes mankind its ware;  
 A youthful Turk pass'd young Cornaro by,  
 Health flush'd his cheek, and lust inflam'd his eye.  
 And to the female slaves his way he bent,  
 'Twas there his gold must have its wanton vent.

How should Delphina, then, escape his sight,  
 Too fatally, in midst of sorrow, bright?  
 Her breast took beauty from the heaving sigh;  
 Nor could the tear that drown'd eclipse her eye;  
 But falling on her damask cheek, it stood,  
 Like the pearl dew-drop on the morning bud.

He quickly saw the too distinguish'd fair,  
 And thought his prophet's paradise was there.  
 Her price, at once, unquestioning he paid,  
 The fatal veil around her beauties spread,  
 And dragg'd exulting off, the swooning maid. }

'Twas then Cornaro felt distress complete,  
 And knew the worst extreme of torturing fate.  
 Furies to plague him, now, had striven in vain,  
 Nor gnawing vultures could increase his pain,  
 Too fierce for human nature to sustain. }  
 He sunk beneath his sorrow's dreadful load,  
 And, senseless, from excess of anguish stood.

When, lo!—one graver Turk among the rest,  
 And more distinguished by his costlier vest,  
 A nicer curiosity express'd. }

Each slave examin'd, as he pass'd along,  
 And on each circumstance attentive hung.  
 He ask'd their country, parentage, and name,  
 And how each drooping wretch a slave became.  
 Behold him to Cornaro now apply;  
 Full on his face he fix'd a stedfast eye;  
 Then, ask'd his soul, if what he saw was true.  
 And, that it was some sure reflection knew.

His nerves, all trembling with the glad surprise,  
To heaven he stretch'd his hands, and rais'd his eyes.

And then,—I thank thee, Mahomet!—he said,  
Hither, by thy divine direction led.

Sounds struck Cornaro's ear he ought to know,  
And wak'd him from his dismal trance of wo.  
He saw the Turk prepar'd for his embrace,  
Mark'd the warm transport gleaming in his face.  
Cornaro saw the slave he once set free,  
And cry'd aloud—Great God of Hosts!—'tis He!

Then, folded in each other's arms they stood,  
And words were lost in joy's o'erwhelming flood.  
The Turk, at length, recovering, rear'd his head,  
And now,—he said,—my mighty debt is paid;  
Which, wert thou not the slave I now survey,  
Peruvian mines were much too poor to pay.

To the man-merchant, then, he stretch'd his hand,  
And take,—he said,—whate'er thy wants demand;  
Quick, set my friend, and his companion free;  
Name thou the price, *unbartering*, I agree.  
The ransom'd home he led, in bounteous state,  
His swelling soul with god-like joy elate,  
Resembling that which fill'd *El-Shaddai's* breast  
When Adam in his paradise he placed.

His lofty hall, with richest sofas grac'd,  
His wives, his children, in due order placed;  
Such was his will though hidden his intent,  
Sate with mute wonder, waiting the event.  
Among them all he, then, Cornaro led,  
And wip'd away a tear of joy;—then said,  
Ye of my licens'd bed, ye partners fair,  
Who my *divided* love, yet *equal*, share;  
And ye, the issue of our honest joys,  
If aught my words avail, ye generous boys;  
My children, and my wives, to whom I ne'er,  
But, by my dismal exile, caus'd a tear;  
If, in my absence, ye not falsely mourn'd,  
If your vast joy was true when I return'd;  
If *Allah* saw you, without guile, rejoice,  
And our dread prophet heard your *real* voice;  
Now, more adore *Him*,—prostrate praise *His* pow'r,  
Admire his bounty's unexhausted store;  
But now, from chains I freed the captive's hands,  
And here, Cornaro, my deliverer stands.

All prostrate at *that* sacred name they fell,  
How touch'd, *true Gratitude*, alone, can tell;



*True Gratitude*, that dictated their joy,  
 Smil'd in each cheek, and spoke in every eye.  
 The Moslem saw, with joy, the pleasing scene,  
 The heart-felt throb thrill'd warm through every vein;  
 Their gratitude his inmost soul approv'd,  
 Which loudly told how much *himself* was lov'd.

Now haste,—he said,—the sumptuous feast prepare,  
 My wives to deck the banquet be your care,  
 As if great *Ottoman*, himself, were there! }  
 For know, th' imperial Crescent's sacred flame,  
 Cannot more homage, than Cornaro, claim.  
 And you, my sons, whate'er my ward-robes boast,  
 Whate'er of gold, or gems, I have of cost,  
 For him bring forth. But, why that down-cast eye?  
 That cheek yet pale, and that still heaving sigh?  
 Freedom thou hast;—and whate'er wealth can give,  
 Is my blest task;—thine only, to receive.

Cornaro blush'd and sigh'd, and would have spoke,  
 But as he strove, sobs still his accents broke;  
 The uncle saw, yet silent, his distress,  
 And, what Cornaro could not,—ventur'd to express.  
 He told the tale of love,—the fair pourtray'd,  
 Pencil'd the semblance of the blue-ey'd maid,  
 Ere this, perhaps, some Turk's abandon'd prey,  
 Torn, ever torn, from her lov'd lord away;  
 Her liege lord doom'd no other bliss to prove,  
 Than life, and horror,—if *bereft of love*.

The Moslem, sorrowing, heard the fatal tale,  
 Fearing his utmost bounty, here, must fail;  
 Fearing, he never could the maid restore,  
 Victim, ere this, of some rude tyrant's power;  
 Ere this conceal'd in some embowering grove,  
 Where *lust* usurps the sacred name of *love*.  
 Some close *Seraglio's* gloom, from whose dark bourne,  
 No maid did e'er inviolate return.

But as this thought perplex'd his lab'ring brain,  
 And *Hope* to cheer his heart still toil'd in vain,  
 The elder blessing of his fruitful bed,  
*His son*, all sudden smil'd, and cheering said,  
 Thee first, Creator, Allah! I adore,  
 Untrac'd, mysterious, wonder-working power!  
 How can thy lowest servant's untried noon  
 Of useless life deserve so vast a boon?  
 Be hush'd all griefs, and open every ear,  
 And my words, chiefly, let Cornaro hear.

And let my sire his generous offspring own,  
 While I, not vainly, boast I am *his* son.  
 If my exulting soul aright divine,  
 To make Cornaro bless'd is only mine;  
 Within these walls now droops the pictur'd fair,  
 Chaste yet as snow, and pure as noontide air;  
 Haste, then, ye slaves, O haste, and quick return  
 With the fair Christian that I bought this morn.

Return'd;—Delphina bless'd their eager eyes,  
 And fill'd each throbbing heart with wild surprise.  
 Then, thus, the Moslem's son, with manly air,  
 As to her loyal lord he led the blushing fair:

My friend!—in this bless'd moment, be it mine,  
 Taught by thyself, to show a soul like thine;  
 A soul, that strives e'en with Cornaro's worth,  
 Forgive the vaunt;—for *virtue* sends it forth.  
 By Mecca's sacred temple here I swear,  
 In thy gay paradise, great prophet, hear!  
 Were all the treasure here, before my sight,  
 That filled Damascus's plains with glittering light,  
 When, in full triumph, furious Caled rode,  
 And bath'd the Syrian sword in Grecian blood;  
 Should some great sultan say—this maid resign,  
 And the whole wealth of all the East is thine;  
 From him, unhesitating would I turn,  
 And look upon the paltry bribe with scorn.  
 With maddening gaze such beauty we survey,  
 Which *virtue*, only, in exchange can pay.  
 'Tis *thee* bright goddess, *Virtue*, I pursue,  
 To thy bright beams I lift th' aspiring view;  
 Thus prostrate, thy ennobling power I own,  
 And sacrifice my *passions* at thy throne.

So saying;—with a smile their hands he join'd,  
 And his rich prize, with deep-drawn sighs, resign'd.  
 Virtue was pleas'd, and own'd in heav'n above,  
 How deeds, like these, e'en gods with pleasure move.

What joy the raptur'd lovers' souls possess'd,  
 What conscious pleasure touch'd the father's breast,  
 How all around their vast delight express'd,  
 Lest, in th' attempt, the fault'ring muse prove weak,  
 Let children, parents, lovers, *Virtue*, *speak!*

FOR THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

MR. EDITOR,

Casting my eyes over an old periodical publication, called "The Universal Weekly Chronicle," and printed in London considerably more than fifty years ago, I was attracted by the following essay, which I think so replete with pleasant description, good sense, and just observation, and so very good a hint to fathers and mothers, that I thought I could not offer you a communication more likely to be agreeable to your readers, and useful to the public, and therefore have copied it off for you. I have my mind's eye at this moment on several worthy families who, as well as their visitors, would be greatly benefited by applying it to themselves, and correcting their paternal conduct by it.

—In vitium libertas excidit et vim

Dignam lege regi.

HOR.

SIR,

I AM engaged in a visit at a friend's house in the country, where I promised myself much satisfaction. I have however been greatly disappointed in my expectations; for on my arrival here, I found a house full of children, who are *humoured* beyond measure, and indeed absolutely spoiled by the ridiculous indulgence of a fond mother. This unlucky circumstance has subjected me to many inconveniences; and as I am a man of a grave reserved disposition, has been a perpetual source of embarrassment and perplexity. The second day of my visit, in the midst of dinner, the eldest boy, who is eight years old, whipped off my perriwig with great dexterity, and received the applause of the table for his humour and spirit. This lad, when he has reached his fourteenth year, and is big enough to lie without the maid, is to be sent to a school in the neighbourhood, which has no other merit than that of being but seven miles off. Six of the children are permitted to sit at table, who entirely monopolize the wings of fowls, and the most delicate morsels of every dish; because the mother has discovered, that her children have not *strong* stomachs. In the morning, before my friend is up, I generally take a turn upon the gravel-walk, where I could wish to enjoy my own thoughts without interruption; but I am here instantly attended by my little tormentors, who follow me backwards and forwards, and play at what they call *running after the gentleman*. My whip, which was a present from an old friend, has been lashed to pieces by one of the boys who is fond of horses, and the handle is turned into a hobbyhorse. The main-



spring of my repeating-watch has been broke in the nursery, which, at the mother's request, I had lent to the youngest boy, who was just breeched, and who cried to wear it. The mother's attention to the children entirely destroys all conversation: and once, as an amusement for the evenings, we attempted to begin reading Tom Jones, but were interrupted in the second page by little Sammy, who is suffered to whip his top in the parlour. I am known to be troubled with violent head-aches; notwithstanding which, another of the boys, without notice given, or any regard paid to the company, is permitted to break out into the braying of an ass, for which the strength of his lungs is commended; and a little miss, at breakfast, is allowed to drink up all the cream, and put her fingers into the sugar-dish, because she was once *sickly*. I am teased with familiarities, which I can only repay with a frown; and pestered with the petulance of ludicrous prattle, in which I am unqualified to join. It is whispered in the family, that I am a mighty good sort of a man, but that I cannot *talk to children*. Nor am I the only person who suffers from this folly: a neighbouring clergyman, of great merit and modesty, and much acquainted in the family, has received hints to forbear coming to the house, because little Sukey always cries when she sees him, and has told her mamma, she can't bear that *ugly parson*.

Mrs. Qualm, my friend's wife, the mother of this hopeful offspring, is perpetually breeding; or rather her whole existence is spent in a series of pregnancies, lyings-in, visitings, churchings, and christenings. Every transaction of her life is dated from these occurrences. The grandmother, and the man-midwife, a serious sensible man, constantly reside in the house, to be always ready on these solemn occasions. She boasts, that no family has ever sent out more numerous advertisements for nurses *with a fine breast of milk*. As her longings have of late been in the vegetable way, the garden is cultivated for this purpose alone, and totally filled with forward peas, and melon-glasses, in hopes that she may luckily long for what is at hand. She preserves, to the utmost, the prerogative of frequent pregnancy, and conscious of the dignity and importance of being often *big*, exerts an absolute authority over her husband. He was once a keen fox-hunter, but has long ago dropped his hounds; his wife having remonstrated, that his early rising disturbed the family unseasonably, and having dreamed, that he broke his leg in leaping a ditch.

I revere Mrs. Qualm as the mother, and only wish I could recommend her as the manager of children. I hope this letter may fall into her hands, to convince her how absurd it is to suppose, that others can be as much interested in her own children as herself. I would teach her, that, what I complain of as matter of inconvenience, may, one day, prove to her a severe trial; and that, early licentiousness will, at last, mock that parental affection, from whose mistaken indulgence it arose.

I am yours, &c.

Y. Y. Z.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

SIR,

THE fate of the unfortunate earl of Essex is well known, being not only commended to the notice of posterity by all the historians of the reign of queen Elizabeth, but by three excellent tragedies—Banks, Jones, and Brooke, the author of the Fool of Quality, having each made it the subject of a separate drama. The fate of his secretary, the celebrated Henry Cuffe, a man no less celebrated for brilliant wit than learning and genuine unadulterated worth, is not so generally known. Essex being condemned, accused Cuffe as the author of his misfortunes, in consequence of which the too faithful unfortunate man was arraigned, condemned and executed.—The following was his very curious and remarkable dying speech.

“I am here adjudged to die for acting an act never plotted, for plotting a plot never acted. Justice will have her course; accusers must be heard; greatness will have the victory; scholars and martialists (though learning and valour should have the preeminence) in England must die like dogs, and be hanged. To mislike this, were but folly: to dispute it, but time lost: to alter it, impossible: but to indure it, is manly: and to scorn it, magnanimity. The queen is displeased, the lawyers injurious, and death terrible: but I crave pardon of the queen; forgive the lawyers, and the world; desire to be forgiven: and welcome death.”

HAVING the subject of Essex now before us, a letter written by that nobleman to his friend lord Southampton, now occurs to our remembrance which by its piety and good sense, is intitled to a place in any work dedicated to the improvement of mankind. Essex was not merely a courtier, he was the favourite of his sovereign—

“The expectancy and rose of the fair state,

“The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

“The observ’d of all observers.”

This letter of his, and the pious principles it breathes, when compared with the laxity, to call it no worse, which prevails among persons of the same class at this time, may serve as a criterion by which to measure the difference of the state of religion in the time of Elizabeth and now, if not of society in general, at least among the great ones of the court.

MY LORD,

As neither nature nor custom ever made me a man of compliment, so now I shall have less will than ever for to use such ceremonies, when I have left with Martha to be *solicitus circa multa*, and believe with Mary, *unum sufficit*. But it is no compliment or ceremony, but a real and necessary duty that one friend oweth to another in absence, and especially at their leave-taking, when in man’s reason many accidents may keep them long divided, or perhaps bar them ever meeting till they meet in another world; for then shall I think that my friend, whose honour, whose person, and whose fortune is dear unto me, shall prosper and be happy, wherever he goes, and whatever he takes in hand, when he is in the favour of that God, under whose protection there is *only* safety, and in whose service there is *only* true happiness to be found. What I think of your natural gifts or ability in this age, or in this state, to give glory to God, and to win honour to yourself, if you employ the talents you have received to their best use, I will now tell you; it sufficeth, that when I was farthest of all times from dissembling, I spake truly, and have witnesses enough: but these things only I will put your lordship in mind of.

First, That you have *nothing* that you have not received.

Secondly, That you possess them not as *lord* over them, but as an *accountant* for them.



Thirdly, If you employ them to serve this world, or your own worldly delights (which the prince of this world will seek to entertain you with) it is ingratitude, it is injustice, yea, it is perfidious treachery; for what would you think of such a servant of your's, that should convert your goods, committed to his charge, to the advantage or service of your greatest enemy; and what do you less than this with God, since you have *all* from him, and know that the world, and princes thereof, are at a continual enmity with him? And therefore, if ever the admonition of your truest friend should be heard by you, or if your country, which you may serve in so great and many things, be dear unto you; if your God, whom you must (if you deal *truly* with yourself) acknowledge to be powerful over all, and just in all, be feared by you; yea, if you be dear unto yourself, and prefer an everlasting happiness before a pleasant dream, which you must *shortly* awake out of, and then repent in the bitterness of your soul; if any of these things be regarded by you, then I say, call yourself to account for what is past, cancel all the leagues you have made without the warrant of a religious conscience, make a resolute covenant with your God, to serve him with all your natural and spiritual, inward and outward gifts and abilities, and then, he that is faithful (and cannot lie) hath promised to honour them that honour him; he will give you that inward peace of soul, and true joy of heart, which till you have, you shall never rest, and which, when you have, you shall never be shaken, and which you can never attain to *any other* way than this that I have showed you.

I know your lordship may say to yourself, and object to me, this is but a vapour of melancholy, and the style of a prisoner, and that I was far enough from it, when I lived in the world as you do now, and may be so again, when my fetters be taken from me. I answer, though your lordship should think so, yet cannot I distrust the goodness of my God, that his mercy will fail me, or his grace forsake me; I have so deeply engaged myself, that I should be one of the most miserable apostates that ever was: I have so avowed my profession, and called so many from time to time, to witness it, and to be watchmen over me, that I should be the hol-lowest hypocrite that ever was born: but though I should perish in my own sin, and draw upon myself my own damnation, should not you take hold of the grace and mercy in God, which is offered unto you, and make your profit of my fearful and wretched ex-

ample? I was longer a slave and servant to the world, and the corruptions of it, than you have been, and therefore could hardly be drawn from it. I had many calls, and answered some of them slowly, thinking a soft pace fast enough to come to Christ, and myself forward enough when I saw the end of my journey, though I arrived not at it; and therefore I have been, by God's providence, violently pulled, hauled, and dragged to the marriage feast, as the world hath seen. It was just with God to afflict me in this world, that he might give me joy in another. I had too much knowledge when I performed too little obedience, and was therefore to be beaten with double stripes: God grant your lordship may feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my too long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow hearts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been tasted by them, they could not have been so precise; but your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knows what it is you now enjoy, and what the greatest fruit and end is of *all* the contentments that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear Earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure to you, and left them as sea marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue; for shut your eyes never so long, they *must* be open at last; and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the wicked.*

I will make a covenant with my soul, not to suffer my eyes to sleep in the night, nor my thoughts to attend the first business of the day, till I have prayed to my God, that your lordship may believe and make profit of this plain, but faithful admonition; and then I know your country and friends shall be happy in you, and yourself successful in all you take in hand; which shall be an unspeakable comfort to

Your lordship's cousin,

and true friend,

whom no worldly cause can divide from you,

ESSEX.

## FOR THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

If there be a man of natural plain common sense and ordinary experience, who thinks more highly of the fair sex than I do, I would willingly forego my own opinions and adopt his; yet my observation, which has not been either short or inattentive, has convinced me that with them, as much as with us coarse, selfish males, "the age of chivalry is past"—That though deeply read in novels, they are not, like the dames of Arcadia, altogether insensible to the value of pecuniary arithmetic; that a coach, or even a gig with trimmings, can strike deeper into their hearts than the sharpest arrow which wit and passion ever pointed for Cupid; and that a richly hung suit of rooms has ten thousand times more picturesque beauty, in their eyes, than the most beautiful landscape of love that ever employed the fancy of Petrarch; and the fiddle-twang and board-banging of a ball more charms for their ear, than the songs of all the birds that ever mixed their sweet warblings with the purling of that stream which flowed through the valley of Vaucluse. An incident somewhat illustrative of this, which, some years ago, embittered the life of a valuable friend of mine, now dead, occurred to my memory a few nights ago, upon accidentally opening a book in which his name was written; and my friendships being rather warm, and my imagination little less so, my resentment kindled as I gave loose to fancy.—The whole of my amiable friend's fortune rushed upon my imagination—his heart lay once more revealed to my mind's eye, and I ruminated in sadness on his fate. Two passions divided his soul—Love and Ambition—and he was pure in both.—He idolized a girl of great beauty, and he idolized glory—he pursued them in war and in politics, and found them shadows. Luxury and vanity had poisoned the very source of feeling in the one—corruption, intrigue, envy and deceit baffled him in the other; and he fell a victim to his virtues and sensibility, just as he was entering on the summer time of life.

In no very good humour with the world—even with the sweet sex itself, and grieving at the vanity of human hopes and wishes, I went to bed; and when, after tossing and sighing for an hour or two, I had, as my beloved Shakspeare says, "shaken off this mortal coil," I was visited by my spleen and regret with the following dream.

I thought myself at the entrance of a spacious plain, whose far-



the extremity was beyond the reach of my view. It was covered with an infinite multitude of persons, of all ages and both sexes, each of them either employed in some different pursuit from the rest, or with some different manner and degree of anxiety from every other. The air was full of winged beings, in human shape, such as I have imagined to myself when a boy, the genii of the ancients, or as the painters pourtray to us the little satellites of Venus. I observed, however, in their countenances great variety and distinction of character: some wearing the gay aspect of smiling Cupids; others the sullen malignant gloom of a Rosicrusian gnome; and others again, between those extremes, appeared variously pensive and anxious, like so many sylphs, in care for the virtue and reputation of their respective wards. They were each of them busy over the head of some one of the persons below, who seemed to be acted upon by the good pleasure of these aerial inhabitants, and not a few were distracted by the operations of two or more of them together.

One species of these little beings, which more than all the rest engaged my attention, seemed to have no durable character. Some of them were this moment all alert, gay, and sprightly; others, desponding, languid, and heavy: and a very little observation showed me the same individuals with each of these distinctions. Most of the others took delight to cross and interrupt them, especially those of the gnomian kind.

After surveying this scene for some time, I took the opportunity to ask an explanation of it from a grave lady near me, who seemed to be less employed than any person else. Her answer was, "that the plain before me was the course of human life, and that the men and women I saw on it were at least a representation of the whole human species." "And who are you, madam," said I, "that have so little to do among them?" "My name," replied my good instructress, "is Observation: some call me Experience, others Wisdom; but this I can assure you, no being you behold could comply with your request so much to your satisfaction as myself. Not a man or woman here, without coming to me, can tell what themselves are doing: and yet so capriciously are they generally inclined, that very few ever consult me about their own case, though I have had them, all in their turns, to inquire into the conduct of other people."

"But pray," says I, "inform me, who are those innumerable

busy little spirits that hover over the heads of the men and women, and seem to govern all their actions? And who, in particular, are those the most active among them, who seem of that earnest and fluctuating temper?"

"In general," answered she, "what you behold are the Passions and Affections, by which much the greatest number of mankind are wholly influenced: but those varying visages, those beings still in pursuit of new objects, ever perplexing, ever fainting, ever reviving, are what we call the Hopes. They take their airy flights with so little judgment, and such wayward obstinacy, that no wonder they are continually stopped in their career. Wherever they are bound, they see at first no obstruction in their own way; which makes them liable to encounter many, and always to disappoint the person directed by them. And yet so necessary is their assistance, their animating power, that without it scarce any purpose would be vigorously pursued, scarce any thing great or daring would be attempted. See a little how they operate on two or three of the most distinguished persons now before us, and how variously they are themselves affected." She then presented me with a perspective glass, which made me master of the whole extent of the course, and showed me the several objects that the busy mortals had respectively in view.

The first that engaged my attention was a youth of about twenty, with fine shape, vigorous constitution, and blooming complexion. I observed his eye fixed on the goal of Beauty, over which was written in golden capitals, the word Enjoyment. Two smiling Hopes, adorned with the ensigns of the gods of Love and Marriage, vainly led him at first confidently on. But long they had not proceeded e'er other little Spirits, which my instructress told me were significant of Avarice, made them abate considerably of their speed. They got by these however at last, and the youth thought himself just ready to seize the prize, when others, with more severe air and authority, obliged him totally to desist. These evil geniuses were Disparity and Pride.

As each obstructor interposed or disappeared, I took notice how the conducting Hopes languished and revived; and that not in the lover's case only, but in the several others I am going to mention.

Upon the goal which the next had in view I observed the word Glory, which signified to me that the contender for it was of a martial temper. Accordingly, the Hope that attended him ap-

peared all rough, and full of scars, brandishing in his hand a shining scymitar. The rubs which this hero met with, in almost every instant of his progress, are too many to be here enumerated. Stratagem, Defeat, Famine, had each of them like to put a period to his proceedings: but at last came another foe, whose name was obscure and undistinguished Death, and struck him down to eternal oblivion.

My eye was next directed to the goal of Ambition, over which the word Power made a most glittering appearance. Many were at once contending in this list, all with unequal degrees of celerity and success; and the assistant Hope looked more and more serene in proportion as the pupil advanced before his fellows. Yet I could not help noting, even in some of those that were most forward, how much a small opposition did here intimidate. Envy, Deceit, Flattery, Detraction, had all their full employment in this tract, and each tried its several efforts on every candidate. But the most dreadful spirit of all, and what I observed was the most frequently successful in its interposition, assumed the name of Patriotism.

As among the last mentioned, there seemed to be few very young, so in another list were there scarce any but old persons. The goal of Riches here terminated the point of view, over which the motto was Posterity. A meager, careful, suspicious aspect, and a slow, watchful, steady motion, were the chief characteristics of both the guides and the guided. Labour, Plainness, Mediocrity flitted before them, when none were actually in view. As the Desires of this class did not center in themselves, there was no need of any greater enemy than Luxury to defeat their happiness: and he it was who, ever present, magnified every other terror.

I was at first surprised to see a beautiful young damsel making her way among these decrepid old wretches: but when I observed the Hope that animated her, who had the air and attitude wherewith Fortune is depicted, and held in his hand a wheel resembling those of a Lottery, I was no longer at a loss to account for this phenomenon. Instead of Posterity, this lady, through optic glasses of her own invention, read the words, a Coach and Six over the goal. I kept my eye on her long enough to see her Hope entirely leave her, and an ugly spectre, called a Blank, interpose between her and Felicity.



## FOR THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

THE following story, related by sir William Temple, and from him taken by Mr. Locke, as an illustration of his subject in the chapter of his essay on "Identity" and "Diversity," though so marvellous as to touch upon the incredible, is yet vouched for by such high authority as to intitle it to some degree of belief, and is at all events so very curious, that we think it worth a place in this Miscellany.

"I had a mind" (says sir William) "to know from prince Maurice's own mouth, the account of a common but much credited story, of an old parrot he had in Brasil, during his government there, that spoke, and asked, and answered common questions like a reasonable creature; so that those of his train there generally concluded it to be witchery or possession; and one of his chaplains, who lived long afterwards in Holland, would never, from that time, endure a parrot, but said they all had a devil in them. I had heard many particulars of this story, and assevered by people hard to be discredited; which made me ask prince Maurice what there was in it. He said, with his usual plainness and dryness of talk, that there was something true, but a great deal false of what had been reported. I desired to know of him what there was of the first? He told me short and coldly, that he had heard of such an old parrot when he came to Brasil; and though he believed nothing of it, and it was a good way off, he had the curiosity to send for it; that it was a very great and a very old one; and when it came first into the room where the prince was with a good many Dutchmen about him, it said presently, *What a company of white men are here!* They asked it what he thought that man was, pointing at the prince? It answered, *Some general or other.* When they brought it close to him, he asked it, *D'où venez vous?*\* it answered, *De Marinan.* The prince. *A qui estes vous?* The parrot. *A un Portugese.* The prince. *Qui fais tu là?* The parrot. *Je garde les poules.* The prince laughed and said, *Vous gardez les poules!* The parrot answered, *Ouy, moy, et je scay bien*

\* *Whence came you? From Marinan.* Prince. *To whom do you belong?* Parrot. *To a Portugese.* Prince. *What do you do there?* Parrot. *I look after the chickens.* Prince. *You look after the chickens!* Parrot. *Yes, I know how to do it very well.*

*faire*, and made the chuck four or five times that people use to make to chickens when they call them. I set down the words of this worthy dialogue in French, just as prince Maurice said them to me. I asked him in what language the parrot spake? and he said in Brasilian. I asked him whether he understood Brasilian? He said no, but he had taken care to have two interpreters by him: the one a Dutchman, who spoke Brasilian, and the other a Brasilian, who spoke Dutch; that he asked them separately and privately, and both of them agreed in telling him just the same thing that the parrot said. I could not but tell this odd story, because it is so much out of the way, and from the first hand, and what may pass for a good one; for I dare say, the prince at least believed himself in all he told me, having ever passed for a very honest and pious man."

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Communicated for the Mirror of Tastes

### JEALOUSY.

I HAVE seen a painting, which finely illustrates Jealousy: A youth is represented in torments, sitting on thrones, with wings on his shoulders, a demon standing by, surrounded by the furies, which throws snakes and fire into his bosom. The youth in torments shows Misery in continual pains; his wings denote it is in his power to fly, but his infatuation employs his mind on the pains: The demon is the emblem of watchfulness; the furies surrounding add fresh grief, while the serpents are gnawing, and the fire consuming him. This allegory shows, that when Jealousy hath invaded the mind, Reason is banished, and nothing is left within us to correct such a passion.

Mr. Prior has happily described Jealousy in the tale of the Turtle and Sparrow, in the following lines.

'Twas doubt, complaint, or 'twas chit-chat;  
 'Twas this to day, to morrow that.  
 Sometimes, forsooth, upon a brook  
 I kept a miss; an honest rook  
 Told it a snipe, who told a stare,  
 Who told it *those* who told it *her*.  
 One day a linnet and a lark  
 Had met me strolling in the dark;

The next a woodcock, and an owl,  
Quick-sighted, grave and sober fowl,  
Wou'd on their corporal oath allege,  
I kiss'd a hen behind a hedge.

The Spectator gives the following quotation from some of our old poets, describing this passion.

Ben Johnson says humorously:

—Where jealousy is bred,  
Horns in the mind are worse than horns on th' head.

Old Spencer thus exclaims on it:

O hateful, hellish snake, what fury first  
Brought thee from baleful house of Proserpine?  
Where, in her bosom, thee she long had nurs'd,  
And foster'd up with bitter milk of time.  
Foul jealousy, that turnest love divine  
To dayless dread, and mak'st the living heart,  
With hateful thoughts, to languish and to pine,  
And feed itself with self-consuming smart:  
Of all the passions in the mind, thou vilest art.

Michael Drayton, thus sings:

Pale jealousy, child of insatiate love,  
Of heart-sick thoughts, and melancholy bred,  
A hell-tormenting fear, no faith can move;  
By discontent, with deadly poison fed,  
With heedless youth and error vainly led.  
A mortal plague, a virtue-drowning flood,  
A hellish fire, not quenched but with blood.

Shakspeare thus describes it:

Where love doth reign, disturbing jealousy  
Doth call himself affection's sentinel,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill;  
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,  
As air and water doth abate the fire:  
This sound-informer, this hate-breeding spy,  
This canker, that eats up the tender spring,  
This carry-tale——

Several beautiful descriptions are made of this passion by our more modern poets; but as they are more known than the foregoing, I have omitted them, and think in this ancient painting of what Jealousy is, there is horror enough to affright any one from encouraging so dangerous an evil.

## GOUT.

To catholicons and quack medicines and nostrums we are on principle averse. Yet the following recommends itself so strongly, partly by its simplicity, and chiefly by the mixture of morality it contains, that we think it worth a page or two of a work that is dedicated to information as well as amusement of the public. That troublesome fellow Gout is extremely addicted to keeping good company, and loves to reside where there are fine markets, fat shambles, and wine, *cum multis aliis, quæ nunc prescriberi longum est* in abundance—All which being the case of Philadelphia,—Doctor TRONCHIN'S recipe cannot but meet, among our subscribers, many to whom it will be acceptable. It is infallible, and recommended by the liberal terms of "*no cure no pay*."

The gout has long been proverbial as the *opprobrium medicorum*; and every *nostrum* regular, or irregular, that has been prescribed for its cure, has completely failed. The most judicious of the faculty endeavour to palliate the evil they cannot conquer; and they trust to the *vis medicatrix nature*, rather than to active or vigorous practice. The candid physician will admit, that his knowledge of the gout, acquired by study and books, is trifling; and that his skill in treating this disease, derived from observation, though the best possible medium of instruction, is rather of negative qualities. We think ourselves happy, therefore, in the favour done us by a correspondent, who has transmitted the translation of a letter from that celebrated French physician, Dr. Tronchin, in which he takes credit for having discovered a complete cure for the gout: and, not willing to keep this remedy secret, we insert it *pro bono publico*.

Yes, gentle reader! could we more than *prescribe*—could we actually procure, deliver, and administer, the medicines directed by the doctor, we doubt not, but we should rapidly accumulate the most enormous fortune; wealth would pour in upon us like a torrent: we should literally know no end of our riches. Who, that has experienced the tortures of anxiety, the restless agitation of a mind ill at ease, would not willingly offer a large remuneration for *quantum sufficit* of the first ingredient only? What would not the ambitious give, whose labours and vigilance have been unremittingly directed to accomplish the purposes of aggrandisement, whose incessant activities have terminated in *self*, and who, while



on intrigues to counteract his rivals, has had intent recourse to manœuvres not credible by ordinary men?—The merchant, who has risked his all, and more than his all, impelled by the desire of gain, at what price would he not purchase that remedy which might dispel his cares? The condition of the man of fashion, and the man of pleasure, with many other members of the great world, Dr. Tronchin describes as almost hopeless: or if the gout which distracts them be curable, they must forego the gratifications which surround them, and place themselves on a level which hitherto they disdain. Seeing then, that the very first ingredient of this recipe is so difficult to be procured genuine, fresh, in full power and virtue; that it is very scarce, and seldom to be obtained *pure*, we fear that the gout will still continue its ravages among those ranks of the human race, which are usually esteemed the most fortunate. If we dare indulge the hope of its exclusion, it is from the abodes of the sons of poverty; from those who *must* labour, to support life, who *cannot afford* to indulge their irregular passions, whose weariness desires nothing so much as to recruit exhausted strength. Those who cannot discern the benevolence of Providence, in allotting this condition to infinitely the greater part of mankind, may, if they please, continue to be dazzled by false appearances: they may dance by the light of that nocturnal meteor of the pool, the *ignis fatuus*: but for our parts we prefer the heavenly sun, as a more cheerful and efficient luminary. We shall not enter into considerations of the nature and excellence of the other ingredients of this ingenious composition: it is enough that we know them in general to be highly valuable, and, we add, in our judgment, equally efficacious.

DR. TRONCHIN'S REMEDY AGAINST THE GOUT.

In the year 1772, a man of letters, still living, M. Jouyneau-Desloges, being tormented with violent attacks of the gout, was informed that the celebrated doctor Tronchin, physician to the duke of Orleans, had completely cured the prince of that disorder, by only prescribing for him two glasses of *honey-water*, every morning before breakfast. He wrote to the doctor; and shortly after received the following answer.

“Paris, 4th June, 1772.

“You are much in the right, sir, not to trust to any secret remedy against the gout. There is but one known to me, by experience; for I had the gout also, but I begin to hope that I shall no

more be troubled with it. This secret consists in peace of mind, temperance, exercise, and chastity. This course I have advised the duke of Orleans to take; he has followed it, and follows it still, although not quite so exactly as myself. Momentous affairs, and a most delicious table, still encroach now and then on his peace of mind, and on his temperance. On these two points, I have some advantages over him. Heaven has made our lots pretty equal. While it pours riches and honours on princes, it denies them peace of mind and temperance, which it grants to you and me; such is the *true honey-water* which will cure you, as it has cured me, if you add to it exercise and chastity. Even if it does not completely remove the disorder, it will make it so tolerable, that you will hardly have cause to complain of it. You may, with the utmost confidence in its harmlessness, distribute my recipe among your friends; and, I believe you too generously minded not to communicate it even to your enemies, should you chance to have any. You will please to observe to them, that wherever people lead an easy, sober, chaste, and active life,—and there are still some corners of the earth where those blessings are enjoyed,—they are unacquainted with the gout: that offspring of idleness, and of passions! more especially of intemperance, which embraces the *quality* as well as the *quantity* of food and drink. Dry frictions, repeated daily, a constant but moderate exercise, regular hours, a sleep of seven hours, peace of mind, and cheerfulness, are the auxiliary means, as I have already said, which I would recommend against the gout. And to return to the duke of Orleans, whose case you did me the honour to mention, the *honey-water* he uses now and then, is not, properly speaking, intended against the gout; he uses it as a gentle mean to keep his bowels open, and, as better suited to gouty people than cathartics, which he never takes; not once, since I have had the honour of being with him. Formerly he was dosed with such physic once or twice a month, and he was let blood monthly; but this has never been the case during my residence here. By means of the secret I have confided to you, his gout is nearly removed; and his health is so far reestablished that he no longer needs my assistance. Such is, sir, the true state of the case; this is the whole secret, and there is no more in it. From hence we may draw the following moral conclusion, which is well worth our most serious attention; that if peace of mind, temperance, exercise, and chastity, have such good effect on princes;

we may, and we ought, to make great allowances for them: for it is easier for us, than it is for them, to keep the passions in subjection, to live soberly and chastely. They have an advantage over us only in point of exercise. They have more horses than we can command. If they had not some advantage, who would be a prince? I am much gratified, sir, that the explanation you required, has afforded me the opportunity of assuring you, &c.

(Signed)

TRONCHIN."

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#### MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

In one of our earliest numbers, mention was made of the Mysteries and Moralities, which may be considered as constituting the foundation of the drama in the christian countries of Europe. Some have gone so far as to assert, and indeed argue with much ingenuity that they originally came from the East to England—but others have insisted with much more plausible foundation that they were introduced into that island by the Roman conquerors, and they have argued the matter thus:

During the government of the Anglo-Romans in Britain, the pleasures arising from the stage seem to have been pursued with avidity, and, if we may be allowed to judge from the remains of theatres that have been discovered, or from their representations still extant upon medals, to have been very generally adopted.

In Rome, we know that they were at the same period the delight of the people; and we also know, that there are vestiges of them still to be traced in the colonies of Gaul and Iberia. It is probable, that the Roman officers would either amuse themselves with acting plays, as our officers now do in India, or would bring over actors from Rome, as several of our players have visited our Eastern territories. But the Roman actors, whether officers, or players by profession, that either visited or settled in Britain, would probably, as in Gaul, derive assistance from the bards, the inferior order of the Druids. For we cannot suppose, that all the bards, without exception, were so completely patriotic as to refuse to exercise their talents to gratify foreign superiors; and we know, too, that then as now, party divided the people of this island, and to party they owed their weakness and subjugation. We must also consider, that it was the policy of the conquerors to blunt in the

imagination of the conquered the powers of reflection. Had the keen sensibility of their degradation mingled with their thoughts to any great degree it might have revived opposition; therefore the Romans deemed it necessary to amuse them in such a manner, as might occasion a suspension of sorrow, and, in the lapse of time, a forgetfulness of their former state. To this purpose nothing could so essentially contribute, as a succession of shows, pageants, and dramatic exhibitions; at which, taught in the Athenian school, the Romans were adepts, and of which the inhabitants of London, like their neighbours of Paris, were ardent admirers. The histrionic art fell with the Roman theatres.

Before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to christianity, their religion, like the paganism of the ancient Britons, was distinguished by numerous circumstances of rude pomp and barbaric, if not theatric, grandeur. The orations of their priests, with their musical accompaniments, bespeak a people whose sensibility was alive to the stimulations of sounds, both vocal and instrumental. To their feasts, therefore, *Scalds* [i. e. bards] and *Harpers* were absolutely necessary. These performers recited to their harps and other instruments, the warlike deeds of their ancestors. They had among them, when they performed, one of their order, who was absolutely a low comedian, and who, under the appellation of the *Gleeman*, amused the audience with stories, tricks, and mimicry.

In the miracle plays, mysteries, and moralities of the ecclesiastics, in after ages, the Gleeman kept his situation, but was denominated the Vice. In stage plays he was called the Clown; and when to this species of the drama the puppet-show succeeded, he was denominated the Merry Andrew. The domestic Gleeman, afterwards the Fool, became absolutely necessary in every nobleman's establishment.

The Minstrel, who appeared after the Norman Conquest, seems to have been still more theatrical, than the Scald or the Harper. He possessed all the qualities of the Gleeman, such as magical deceptions and legerdemain. He was a vocal and instrumental performer, a dancer, a posture-maker, and a jester. These kinds of people formed parties; which may be thought to be the most ancient strolling companies of the kingdom; for, indeed, they travelled from town to town, and from village to village. How agreeable they must have been to the English, whose peculiar cast of humour induced them, on every occasion, to seize opportunities



for the enjoyment of these kinds of exhibitions, is, what almost every one has felt it, easy to conceive.

John of Salisbury, a writer of the twelfth century, who was himself a monk of Canterbury, is, like the rest of his brethren, ardent and energetic in his declamations against minstrels. Because it was the business of the monks to make their way to the heart through the medium of the senses; of this their miracles are proofs; and because the minstrels in their tales and fables, when entertaining gay company, introduced many truths, undeniable truths, at which the monks were offended, as they smarted under the lash of the satirist; because, too, these performers were either under the protection of some powerful chief (as the *Fools* afterwards were), or by travelling from place to place, dispersed their ludicrous attacks on their antagonists far and wide; in spite of all attempts, on the part of the monks and their adherents, to prevent, or to counteract their effects.

However that might be, John of Salisbury expressly denominates the objects of his reprehension *spectacula et infinita tyrocina vanitatis, quibus qui omnino otiari non possunt, perniciosius occupantur*. Spectacles and innumerable rudiments of vanity, by which persons who could not indure to be idle might be occupied in worse than idleness.

While the minstrels were the only dramatists, it is most probable that their memories were stored with many pieces which were traditional, and consequently short: these were merely interludes, which betwixt their performances of singing and dancing they introduced: they were frequently exhibited in the inn-yards of the metropolis: places which, from their surrounding galleries, of which we have some few specimens still left, could be, with little trouble, converted into tolerable theatres.

The minstrels, among the abundance of their qualifications, professed pharmacy, and prescribed as apothecaries: they vended their medicines at markets and fairs, and were consequently the first mountebanks. In order to induce the people to swallow their nostrums, they, after a verbose recommendation, had them presented by one of their tribe, who performed the Merry Andrew! a character that is still retained as an appendage to the itinerant doctor. The medical lottery, in which medicines are the blanks, and the prizes a silver cup, spoons, &c., is a more modern contrivance.

Against monkish prejudice and power, the drama had a hard struggle for existence; the actors, obliged to depend on the casual bounty of the nobility, or on their collections at fairs and festivals, were, with respect to their revenues, in a very precarious state. Nevertheless, it must have become of considerable importance, not only in England, but all over christendom, as the people of *all nations* are by a council of the Lateran forbidden to be present at stage plays, or to encourage tumblers and jesters.—*Can.* 15, 16. *Scrip.* tom. iii. p. 734.

Bradwardin, archbishop of Canterbury, wrote against the stage in 1345. He was followed by Wickliff, who has been termed the morning star of reformation, who levelled his eloquence against plays in 1380.

Miracle plays and mysteries, representing the history of some legendary saint, were common in the metropolis in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries: they are mentioned by Fitzstephen, in a passage thus translated by Strype: "London, instead of plays belonging to the theatre, hath plays of more holy subjects, representations in which the holy confessors wrought, and sufferings in which the glorious constancy of martyrs did appear."

From the early part of the fourteenth century, every adventitious circumstance seems to have taken a dramatic turn; their pageants, shows, feasting, jests, and tournaments, had all a kind of histrionic arrangement, and were calculated to produce a theatrical effect.

The monks and friars discerning at a great distance, the fall of their establishment, endeavoured, in their miracle plays and mysteries, to oppose pleasure to pleasure, and sport to sport;—from their then influence their example was followed by the public schools; and their system was afterwards received and adopted by the parish clerks, who seem at one time, to have shared the applause of the town with the professional actors. To these succeeded our better known dramatists, and dramatic establishments.

In the course of the fourteenth century, the manners of the English were rendered conspicuous in the display of most ostentatious and extravagant magnificence: as well of the court as of the people.

The *cours pleniers*, which were held twice a year, viz. at Easter and All Saints Days in France, were held at Whitsuntide and Christmas in England, where they were introduced by Edward the

third. *Cours plenières* were also held by the monarchs of both countries at their coronations, marriages, or the baptism of their children, and when they conferred on them the order of knighthood. "These festivals did not fail to attract a great number of quacks, jugglers, ropedancers, merry Andrews, and mimes. The merry Andrews told stories; those that were called jugglers played on their cymbals; monkies, dogs, and bears, danced. It is said that the mimes excelled in their art, and that by their gestures, attitudes and postures, they expressed a passage in history as clearly and as pathetically as if they had recited it." *St. Foix, Essays upon Paris*, vol. ii. p. 64.

These exhibitions took place in the courtyards and immense halls of the palaces.

When Philip the fair knighted his three sons with all the pomp of ancient chivalry, on Whitsunday, 1313, he invited the king and queen of England, who, with a great number of their barons crossed the channel, on purpose to be present. This festival lasted eight days, and was rendered no less remarkable by the magnificence of the dresses exhibited, than by the sumptuousness of the tables, and the infinite variety of diversions and amusements, that were upon this occasion drawn together. France and England equally combined to furnish characters and actors; so that this is stated to have been one of the most superb, and at the same time entertaining spectacles ever exhibited. "The princes and lords changed their dresses three times every day. The Parisians presented several shows. In one was displayed the glory of the blessed; another exhibited a view of the infernal regions, and represented the torments of the damned." To these, succeeded a procession, "in which appeared a great variety of the animal creation; this was termed 'the Feast of the Fox.'" *Hist. de Paris*, tom. i. p. 42.

If this concise statement of what appears to be the descent of the histrionic art, be correct, we may consider the proper drama as derived to us from the earliest ages; while, nevertheless, the clerical imitations of sacred histories practised in England, might be imported with many other fopperies and follies from the East. This double descent has not I believe, struck any of our writers on the subject; and I therefore must repeat, that I think your correspondent is intitled to the acknowledgments of the public, for the ingenuity of his speculations.



## SINGULAR INSTANCE OF BENEVOLENCE.

A FRENCH refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an entire stranger to him who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, "you are lost if you go forward." "And I am lost if I return," he answered. "Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighbouring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an outhouse, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement awakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" The girl dexterously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for —." "Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand, she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family,



which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror, and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life; at others he accused her of forgetting him; in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sunk into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—She believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his niece had incurred, proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal

door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault however remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the door of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her stedfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favourable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country; and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

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#### WILLIAM CROTCH.

It is probable that the history of William Crotch, the astonishing infant musician, has fallen into the way of very few, if indeed it has of any of our readers. It is at all events so curious and so wonderful, though unquestionably true, that we rejoice in having it in our power to offer it to our readers, as communicated by doctor Burney to the Royal Society, and extracted from the Philosophical Transactions into the Annual Register for the year 1779—we give it in the very words of the doctor.

That reason begins to dawn, and reflection to operate in some children much sooner than others, must be known to every one who has had an opportunity of comparing the faculties of one child with those of another. It has, however, seldom been found, that the senses, by which intelligence is communicated to the mind, advance with even pace towards perfection. The eye and the ear, which seem to afford reason its principal supplies, mature at different periods, in proportion to exercise and experience; and not only arrive at different degrees of perfection during the stages of infancy, but have different limits at every period of human life. An eye or ear that only serves the common purposes of existence is intitled to no praise; and it is only by extraordinary proofs of quickness and discrimination in the use of these senses, that an early tendency to the art of painting or music is discovered.

Many children, indeed, seem to recognise different forms, persons, sounds, and tones of voice, in very early infancy, who never afterwards endeavour to imitate forms by delineation, or sounds by vocal inflexions.

As drawing or design may be called a refinement of the sense of sight, and practical music of that of hearing; and as a perfection in these arts at every period of life, from the difficulty of its attainment, and the delight it affords to the admires and judges of both, is treated with respect, a premature disposition to either usually excites the same kind of wonder as a phenomenon or prodigy.

But as persons consummate in these arts, and who are acquainted with the usual difficulties which impede the rapid progress of common students, can only judge of the miraculous parts of a child's knowledge or performance, it will be necessary, before I speak of the talents peculiar to the child who is the subject of the present inquiry, to distinguish, as far as experience and observation shall enable me, between a common and supernatural disposition, during infancy, towards the art of music.

In general a child is not thought capable of profiting from the instructions of a music-master till five or six years old, though many have discovered an ear capable of being pleased with musical tones, and a voice that could imitate them much sooner. The lullaby of a nurse during the first month of a child's existence has been found to subdue peevishness, and, perhaps, divert attention from pain; and in the second year it has often happened, that a child has not only been more diverted with one tune or series of sounds than another, but has had sufficient power over the organs of voice to imitate the inflexions by which it is formed; and these early proofs of what is commonly called musical genius would doubtless be more frequently discovered if experiments were made, or the mothers or nurses were musically curious. However, spontaneous efforts at forming a tune, or producing harmony upon an instrument so early, have never come to my knowledge.

The arts being governed by laws built on such productions and effects as the most part of mankind have long agreed to call excellent, can make but small approaches towards perfection in a state of nature, however favourable may be the disposition of those who are supposed to be gifted with an uncommon tendency towards their cultivation. Nature never built a palace, painted a picture, or made a tune: these are all works of art. And with respect to ar-



chitecture and music, there are no models in nature which can encourage imitation: and though there is a wild kind of music among savages, where passion vents itself in lengthened tones different from those of speech, yet these rude effusions can afford no pleasure to a cultivated ear, nor would be honoured in Europe with any better title than the howlings of animals of an inferior order to mankind.

All therefore that is really admirable in early attempts at music is the power of imitation; for elegant melody and good harmony can only be such as far as they correspond with or surpass their models: and as melody consists in the happy arrangement of single sounds, and harmony in the artificial combination and simultaneous use of them, an untaught musician becomes the inventor of both, and those who are at all acquainted with the infancy of such melody and harmony as constitute modern music, can alone form an idea of the rude state of both when an individual discovers them by the slow process of experiment.

Every art when first discovered seems to resemble a rough and shapeless mass of marble just hewn out of a quarry, which requires the united and successive endeavours of many labourers to form and polish. The zeal and activity of a single workman can do but little towards its completion; and in music the undirected efforts of an infant must be still more circumscribed: for, without the aid of reason and perseverance he can only depend on memory and a premature delicacy and acuteness of ear for his guides; and in these particulars the child of whom I am going to speak is truly wonderful.

WILLIAM CROTCH was born at Norwich, July 5, 1775. His father, by trade a carpenter, having a passion for music, of which however he had no knowledge, undertook to build an organ, on which, as soon as it would speak, he learned to play two or three common tunes, such as *God save great George our king*; *Let ambition fire thy mind*; and *The Easter Hymn*; with which, and such chords as were pleasing to his ear, he used to try the perfection of his instrument.

I have been favoured with several particulars concerning his son's first attention to music from Robert Partridge, Esquire, a gentleman of rank in the corporation of Norwich, who, at my request, has been so obliging as to ascertain many curious facts, the truth of which, had they rested merely on the authority of the



child's father or mother, might have been suspected; and transactions out of the common course of nature cannot be too scrupulously or minutely proved.

My correspondent, of whose intelligence and veracity I have the highest opinion, tells me, that I may rest assured of the authenticity of such circumstances as he relates from the information of the child's father, who is an ingenious mechanic, of good reputation, whom he knows very well, and frequently employs, as these circumstances are confirmed by the testimony of many who were witnesses of the child's early performance; and he adds, that he has himself seen and heard most of the very extraordinary efforts of his genius.

About Christmas 1776, when the child was only a year and a half old, he discovered a great inclination for music, by leaving even his food to attend to it when the organ was playing: and about midsummer 1777, he would touch the key-note of his particular favourite tunes, in order to persuade his father to play them. Soon after this, as he was unable to play these tunes, he would play the two or three first notes of them when he thought the key-note did not sufficiently explain which he wished to have played.

But, according to his mother, it seems to have been in consequence of his having heard the superior performance of Mrs. Lulman, a musical lady, who came to try his father's organ, and who not only played on it, but sung to her own accompaniment, that he first attempted to play a tune himself: for, the same evening after her departure, the child cried, and was so peevish that his mother was wholly unable to appease him. At length, passing through the dining room, he screamed and struggled violently to go to the organ, in which, when he was indulged, he eagerly beat down the keys with his little fists, as other children usually do after finding themselves able to produce a noise, which pleases them more than the artificial performance of real melody or harmony by others.

The next day, however, being left, while his mother went out, in the dining room with his brother, a youth of about fourteen years old, he would not let him rest till he blew the bellows of the organ, while he sat on his knee and beat down the keys, at first promiscuously; but presently with one hand, he played enough of *God save great George our king* to awaken the curiosity of his father,

who being in a garret, which was his workshop, hastened down stairs to inform himself who was playing this tune on the organ. When he found it was the child, he could hardly believe what he heard and saw. At this time he was exactly two years and three weeks old, as appears by a copy I have obtained of the register in the parish of St. George's Colgate, Norwich, signed by the reverend Mr. Tapps, minister. Nor can the age of this child be supposed to exceed this account by those who have seen him, as he has not only all the appearance, but the manners, of an infant, and can no more be prevailed on to play by persuasion than a bird to sing.

It is easy to account for *God save great George our king* being the first tune he attempted to play, as it was not only that which his father often performed, but had been most frequently administered to him as a narcotic by his mother, during the first year of his life. It had likewise been more magnificently played than he was accustomed to hear by Mrs. Lulman, the afternoon before he became the practical musician himself; and, previous to this event, he used to tease his father to play this tune on his organ, and was very clamorous when he did not carry his point.

When his mother returned, the father, with a look which at once implied joy, wonder, and mystery, desired her to go up stairs with him, as he had something curious to show her. She obeyed, imagining that some acquaintance or friend was arrived, or that some interesting event had happened during her absence; but was as much surprised as the father on hearing the child play the first part of *God save great George our king*. The next day he made himself master of the treble of the second part; and the day after he attempted the base, which he performed nearly correct in every particular, except the note immediately before the close, which, being an octave below the preceding sound, was out of the reach of his little hand.

In the beginning of November 1777, he played both the treble and base of *Let ambition fire thy mind*, an old tune which is, perhaps, now better known by the words to which it is sung in *Love in a Village*, *Hope, thou nurse of young desire*.

Upon the parents relating this extraordinary circumstance to some of their neighbours, they laughed at it; and, regarding it as the effect of partial fondness for their child, advised them by no means to mention it, as such a marvellous account would only ex-

pose them to ridicule. However, a few days after, Mr. Crotch being ill, and unable to go out to work, Mr. Paul, a master-weaver by whom he was employed, passing accidentally by the door, and hearing the organ, fancied he had been deceived, and that Crotch had stayed at home in order to divert himself on his favourite instrument; fully prepossessed with this idea, he entered the house, and suddenly opening the dining-room door, saw the child playing on the organ while his brother was blowing the bellows. Mr. Paul thought the performance so extraordinary, that he immediately brought two or three of the neighbours to hear it, who propagating the news, a crowd of near a hundred people came the next day to hear the young performer, and, on the following days, a still greater number flocked to the house from all quarters of the city; till at length the child's parents were forced to limit his exhibition to certain days and hours, in order to lessen his fatigue, and exempt themselves from the inconvenience of constant attendance on the curious multitude.

This account agrees in most particulars with a letter I received from Norwich, and of which the following is an extract:

"There is now in this city a musical prodigy, which engages the conversation and excites the wonder of every body. A boy, son to a carpenter, of only two years and three quarters old, from hearing his father play upon an organ which he is making, has discovered such musical powers as are scarcely credible. He plays a variety of tunes, and has from memory repeated fragments of several voluntaries which he heard Mr. Garland, the organist, play at the cathedral. He has likewise accompanied a person who played upon the flute, not only with a treble, but has formed a base of his own, which to common hearers seemed harmonious. If any person plays false, it throws him in a passion directly; and though his little fingers can only reach a sixth, he often attempts to play chords. He does not seem a remarkable clever child in any other respect; but his whole soul is absorbed in music.\* Numbers crowd daily to hear him, and the musical people are all amazement."†

\* This opinion seems to have been too hastily formed; for, independent of his musical talent, he appears to me possessed of a general intelligence beyond his age: and he has discovered a genius and inclination for drawing,

† See opposite page.



The child being but two years and eight months old when this letter was written, his performance must have appeared considerably more wonderful than at present: for as he seems to have received scarce any instructions, and to have pursued no regular course of study or practice since that time, it can hardly be imagined that he is much improved. However, experience must have informed him what series or combination of sounds was most offensive to his ear; but such is his impetuosity that he never dwells long on any note or chord, and indeed his performance must originally have been as much under the guidance of the eye as the ear, for when his hand unfortunately falls upon wrong notes, the ear cannot judge till it is too late to correct the mistake. However, habit, and perhaps the delicacy and acuteness of another sense, that of feeling, now direct him to the keys which he presses down, as he hardly ever looks at them.

The first voluntary he heard with attention was performed at his father's house by Mr. Mully, a music-master; and as soon as he was gone, the child seeming to play on the organ in a wild and different manner from what his mother was accustomed to hear, she asked him what he was doing? And he replied, "I am playing 'the gentleman's fine thing:.'" But she was unable to judge of the resemblance: however, when Mr. Mully returned a few days after, and was asked, whether the child had remembered any of the passages in his voluntary, he answered in the affirmative. This happened about the middle of November, 1777, when he was only two years and four months old, and for a considerable time after he would play nothing else but these passages.

A musical gentleman of Norwich informed Mr. Partridge, that,

nearly as strong as for music; for whenever he is not at an instrument, he usually employs himself in sketching, with his left hand, houses, churches, ships, or animals, in his rude and wild manner, with chalk on the floor, or upon whatever plain surface he is allowed to scrawl. Painters may, perhaps, form some judgment of his music by his drawings.

† His father, who has lately been in London, and with whom I have conversed since this account was drawn up, all the particulars of which he has confirmed, told me, that when he first carried the child to the cathedral he used to cry the instant he heard the loud organ, which, being so much more powerful than that to which he had been accustomed at home, he was some time before he could bear without discovering pain, occasioned perhaps, by the extreme delicacy of his ear, and irritability of his nerves.



at this time, such was the rapid progress he had made in judging of the agreement of sounds, that he played the Easter hymn with full harmony; and in the last two or three bars of *hallelujah*, where the same sound is sustained, he played chords with both hands, by which the parts were multiplied to six, which he had great difficulty in reaching on account of the shortness of his fingers. The same gentleman observed, that in making a base to tunes which he had recently caught by his ear, whenever the harmony displeased him, he would continue the treble note till he had formed a better accompaniment.

From this period his memory was very acute in retaining any tune that pleased him: and being present at a concert where a band of gentlemen-performers played the overture in *Rodelinda*, he was so delighted with the minuet, that the next morning he hummed part of it in bed; and by noon, without any further assistance, played the whole on the organ.

His chief delight at present is in playing voluntaries, which certainly would not be called music if performed by one of riper years, being deficient in harmony and measure; but they manifest such a discernment and selection of notes as is truly wonderful, and which, if spontaneous, would surprise at any age. But though he executes fragments of common tunes in very good time, yet no adherence to any particular measure is discoverable in his voluntaries; nor have I ever observed in any of them that he tried to play in triple time. If he discovers a partiality for any particular measure, it is for dactyls of one long and two short notes, which constitute that species of common time in which many street-tunes are composed, particularly the first part of the *Belleisle March*, which, perhaps, may first have suggested this measure to him, and impressed it in his memory. And his ear, though exquisitely formed for discriminating sounds, is as yet only captivated by vulgar and common melody, and is satisfied with very imperfect harmony. I examined his countenance when he first heard the voice of signor *Pacchierotti*, the principal singer of the opera, but did not find that he seemed sensible of the superior taste and refinement of that exquisite performer; however, he called out very soon after the air was begun, "He is singing in *F*."

And this is one of the astonishing properties of his ear, that he can distinguish at a great distance from any instrument, and out of sight of the keys, any note that is struck, whether *A*, *B*, *C*, &c. In

this I have repeatedly tried him, and never found him mistaken even in the half notes; a circumstance the more extraordinary, as many practitioners and good performers are unable to distinguish by the ear at the opera or elsewhere in what key any air or piece of music is executed.

But this child was able to find any note that was struck in his hearing, when out of sight of the keys, at two years and a half old, even before he knew the letters of the alphabet: a circumstance so extraordinary, that I was very curious to know when, and in what manner, this faculty first discovered itself; and his father says, that in the middle of January, 1778, while he was playing the organ, a particular note hung, or, to speak the language of organ builders, cyphered, by which the tone was continued without the pressure of the finger: and though neither himself nor his elder son could find out what note it was, the child, who was then amusing himself with drawing on the floor, left that employment, and going to the organ, immediately laid his hand on the note that cyphered.\* Mr. Crotch thinking this the effect of chance, the next day purposely caused several notes to cypher, one after the other, all which he instantly discovered: and at last he weakened the springs of two keys at once, which, by preventing the valves of the wind-chest from closing, occasioned a double cypher, both of which he directly found out. Any child, indeed, that is not an idiot, who knows black from white, long from short, and can pronounce the letters of the alphabet by which musical notes are called, may be taught the names of the keys of the harpsichord in five minutes;† but, in general, five years would not be sufficient, at any age, to impress the mind of a musical student with an infallible reminiscence of the tones produced by these keys, when not allowed to look at them.

Another wonderful part of his pre-maturity was the being able at two years and four months old to transpose into the most ex-

\* This circumstance proves that he exercised his eye in drawing, after his manner, before he was two years and a half old.

† By remarking that the short keys, which serve for flats and sharps, are divided into parcels of threes and twos, and that the long key between every two short keys is always called D, it is extremely easy from that note to discover the situation and names of the rest, according to the order of the first seven letters of the alphabet.

traneous and difficult keys whatever he played; and now, in his extemporaneous flights, he modulates into all keys with equal facility.

The last qualification which I shall point out as extraordinary in this infant musician, is the being able to play an extemporary base to easy melodies when performed by another person upon the same instrument. But these bases must not be imagined correct, according to the rules of counterpoint, any more than his voluntaries. He generally gives, indeed, the key-note to passages formed from its common chord and its inversions, and is quick at discovering when the fifth of the key will serve as a base. At other times he makes the third of the key serve as an accompaniment to melodies formed from the harmony of the chord to the key-note; and if simple passages are played slow, in a regular progression ascending or descending, he soon finds out that thirds or tenths, below the treble, will serve his purpose in furnishing an agreeable accompaniment.

However, in this kind of extemporary base, if the same passages are not frequently repeated, the changes of modulation must be few and slow, or correctness cannot be expected even from a professor. The child is always as ready at finding a treble to a base as a base to a treble, if played in slow notes, even in chromatic passages; that is, if, after the chord of *c* natural is struck, *c* be made sharp, he soon finds out that *A* makes a good base to it; and on the contrary, if, after the chord of *D* with a sharp third, *F* is made natural, and *A* is changed into *B*, he instantly gives *G* for the base.

When he declares himself tired of playing on an instrument, and his musical faculties seem wholly blunted, he can be provoked to attention, even though engaged in any new amusement, by a wrong note being struck in the melody of any well known tune; and if he stands by the instrument when such a note is designedly struck, he will instantly put down the right, in whatever key the air is playing.

At present, all his own melodies are imitations of common and easy passages, and he seems insensible to others; however, the only method by which such an infant can as yet be taught any thing better seems by example. If he were to hear only good melody and harmony, he would doubtless try to produce something similar; but, at present he plays nothing correctly, and his voluntaries are little less wild than the native notes of a lark or a black



bird. Nor does he, as yet, seem a subject for instruction: for till his reason is sufficiently matured to comprehend and retain the precepts of a master, and something like a wish for information appears, by a ready and willing obedience to his injunctions, the trammels of rule would but disgust, and, if forced upon him, destroy the miraculous parts of his selftaught performance.

Mr. Baillet published in the last century a book, *Sur les Enfants celebres par leurs etudes*; and yet, notwithstanding the title of his work, he speaks not of infants but adolescents, for the youngest wonder he celebrates in literature is at least seven years old; an age at which several students in music under my own eye have been able to perform difficult compositions on the harpsichord, with great neatness and precision. However, this has never been accomplished without instructions and laborious practice, not always voluntary.

Musical prodigies of this kind are not infrequent: there have been several in my own memory on the harpsichord. About thirty years ago I heard Palschau, a German boy of nine or ten years old, then in London, perform with great accuracy many of the most difficult compositions that have ever been written for keyed instruments, particularly some lessons and double fugues by Sebastian Bach, the father of the present eminent professors of that name, which, at that time, there were very few masters in Europe able to execute, as they contained difficulties of a particular kind; such as rapid divisions for each hand in a series of thirds, and in sixths, ascending and descending, besides those of full harmony and contrivance in nearly as many parts as fingers, such as abound in the lessons and organ fugues of Handel.

Miss Frederica, now Mrs. Wynne, a little after this time, was remarkable for executing, at six years old, a great number of lessons by Scarlatti, Paradies, and others, with the utmost precision.

But the two sons of the reverend Mr. Westley seem to have discovered, during early infancy, very uncommon faculties for the practice of music. Charles, the eldest, at two years and three quarters old, surprised his father by playing a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time: soon after he played several, whatever his mother sung, or whatever he heard in the street.

Samuel, the youngest, though he was three years old before he aimed at a tune, yet by constantly hearing his brother practise, and being accustomed to good music and masterly execution, before



he was six years old, arrived at such knowledge in music, that his extemporary performance on keyed instruments, like Mozart's, was so masterly in point of invention, modulation, and accuracy of execution, as to surpass, in many particulars, the attainments of most professors at any period of their lives.

Indeed Mozart, when little more than four years old, is said to have been "not only capable of executing lessons on his "favourite instrument, the harpsichord, but to have composed "some in an easy style and taste, which were much approved:" and Samuel Westley before he could write was a composer, and mentally set the airs of several Oratorios, which he retained in memory till he was eight years old, and then wrote them down.

Here the difference of education appears: little Crotch, left to nature, has not only been without instructions but good models of imitation; while Mozart and Samuel Westley, on the contrary, may be said to have been nursed in good music: for as the latter had his brother's excellent performance to stimulate attention, and feed his ear with harmony, the German infant, living in the house of his father, an eminent professor, and an elder sister, a neat player on the harpsichord, and constantly practising compositions of the first class for that instrument, had every advantage of situation and culture joined to the profusion of natural endowments.

Of Mozart's infant attempts at music I was unable to discover the traces from the conversation of his father; who, though an intelligent man, whose education and knowledge of the world did not seem confined to music, confessed himself unable to describe the progressive improvements of his son during the first stages of infancy. However, at eight years of age I was frequently convinced of his great knowledge in composition by his writings; and that his invention, taste, modulation, and execution in extemporary playing, were such as few professors are possessed of at forty years of age.

Into what the present prodigy may mature is not easy to predict; we more frequently hear of trees in blossom during the winter months than of fruits in consequence of such unseasonable appearances. However, to keep pace with the expectations to which such premature talents give birth is hardly allowed to humanity. It is the wish of some, that the uncommon faculties with which this child is endowed might be suffered to expand by their own efforts, neither restrained by rules, nor guided by ex-

amples; that, at length, the world might be furnished with a species of natural music, superior to all the surprising productions of art to which pedantry, affectation, or a powerful hand, have given birth. But, alas! such a wish must have been formed without reflection; for music having its classics as well as poetry and other arts, what could he compose or play upon different principles that would not offend the ears of those who have regarded those classics as legislators, and whose souls have been wrapped in elysium by their strains? He might as well, if secluded from all intercourse with men, be expected to invent a better language than the present English, the work of millions, during many centuries, as a new music more grateful to the ears of a civilized people than that with which all Europe is now delighted.

An individual may doubtless advance nearer perfection in every art by the assistance of thousands, than by the mere efforts of his own labour and genius.

Another wish has been formed, that the effects of different genera and divisions of the musical scale might be tried upon this little musician; but the success of such an experiment is not difficult to divine. An uncultivated ear would as naturally like the most plain and common music, as a young mind would best comprehend the most simple and evident propositions: and, as yet, the attention of Crotch cannot be excited by any musical refinements or elaborate contrivance.

It has likewise been imagined by some, that every child might be taught music in the cradle, if the experiment were made; but to these it may with truth be said, that such an experiment *is* daily made on every child, by every mother and nurse, that is able to form a tune, on every part of the globe. In Italy the *ninne nonne*, or lullabies, are fragments of elegant melodies, become common and popular by frequent hearing; and these, though they help to form the national taste, are not found to stimulate the attention of Italian children to melody, or to accelerate the display of musical talents at a more early period than elsewhere.

Premature powers in music have as often surprised by suddenly becoming stationary as by advancing rapidly to the summit of excellence. Sometimes, perhaps, nature is exhausted or enfeebled by these early efforts; but when that is not the case, the energy and vigor of her operations are seldom properly seconded, being either impeded and checked by early selfcomplacence, or an in-

judicious course of study; and sometimes, perhaps, genius is kept from expansion by ill chosen models; exclusive admiration, want of counsel or access to the most excellent compositions and performers in the class for which nature has fitted those on whom it is bestowed.

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A NATURAL curiosity in the parish of Kiltarn, in Rossshire, Scotland, of which the following is a lively description, may be put in competition with the natural bridge in Virginia, respecting which some mention has already been made in a former number.

This extraordinary work of nature is called Craig-grande, or the *ugly rock*, and is a deep chasm or abyss, formed by two opposite precipices, that rise perpendicularly to a great height through which the Aultgrande runs for the space of two miles. It begins at the distance of four miles from the sea, by a bold projection into the channel of the river, which it diminishes in breadth by at least one half. The river continues to run with rapidity for about three quarters of a mile, when it is confined by a sudden jutting out of the rock. Here, the side view from the summit is very striking. The course of the stream being thus impeded, it whirls, and foams, and beats with violence against the opposing rock, till, collecting strength, it shoots up perpendicularly with great fury, and, forcing its way, darts with the swiftness of an arrow through the winding passage on the other side. After passing this obstruction, it becomes in many places invisible, owing partly to the increasing depth and narrowness of the chasm, and partly to the view being intercepted by the numerous branches of trees which grow on each side of the precipice. About a quarter of a mile further down, the country people have thrown a slight bridge, composed of trunks of trees covered with turf, over the rock, where the chasm is about sixteen feet wide. Here the observer, if he has intrepidity enough to venture himself on such a tottering support, and can look down on the gulph below without any uneasy sensations, will be gratified with a view equally awful and astonishing. The wildness of the steep and rugged rocks; the gloomy horror of the cliffs and caverns, "inaccessible by mortal's trod," and where the genial rays of the sun never yet penetrated; the water-falls which are heard pouring down in different places of the precipice, with sounds various in proportion to their distance; the hoarse and



hollow murmuring of the river, which runs at the depth of near one hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth; the fine groves of pines, which majestically climb the sides of a beautiful eminence, that rises immediately from the brink of the chasm; all these objects cannot be contemplated, without exciting emotions of wonder and admiration in the mind of every beholder! The appearance of this singular and picturesque scene, will naturally bring to the recollection of the classical spectator those beautiful lines of Virgil, in which he describes the gulph, through which his Alecto shoots herself into the infernal regions:

—— densis hunc frondibus atrum  
Urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus  
Dat senitum saxis et torto vortice torrens.  
Hic specus horrendum, et saevi spiracula Ditis  
Monstrantur; ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago  
Pestiferas aperit fauces:——

Critics may labour to convey the force and meaning of the author's words; and travellers may, by their ingenious descriptions, give us a still more lively idea of their beauty and propriety; but he who would see a living commentary on this noble passage, must visit the rock of Aultgrande.

As the writer of this elegant quotation seems to labour only at giving a faithful description of real objects possessed of peculiar grandeur and sublimity, not to display the refinement of his taste in sketching ideal scenery, which exists no where but in his own imagination, the picture is the more valuable, as it bears a minuter resemblance to truth and nature.



## DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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### ANACREON MOORE AND HIS OPERA.

How little the criticisms in some of the public prints of London are to be depended upon, the following article, taken from a late journal of that city, will, when compared with another on the same subject which we extracted some time ago, sufficiently show to our readers. To the first we gave credit, because we consider Bell's Weekly Messenger, from which we took it, as superior authority in criticism, to that of any daily print in London. Of the article which follows, we can only say, that it bears evident marks of ill nature; and that we cannot help thinking the authority of Mr. Arnold preferable to that of the writer of this article, even though the latter assumes to be countenanced by the opinion of Mr. Moore himself—which was obviously dictated by a becoming distrust and modesty, and ought not therefore to have been taken up so pointedly against him.

#### LYCEUM THEATRE.

MR. MOORE's opera continues to be performed; and we presume, that we are to congratulate the manager on its success. We wish it were in our power to congratulate the author; but with all imaginable wish to think well of Mr. Moore's capabilities, we see no grounds for altering the opinion which we have already given. But all this seems otherwise to the summer manager of the Lyceum; and upon the formidable authority of Mr. Arnold we are to believe, that every thing in the representation was wit on one hand, and applause on the other; the audience all delight, and the performance all delicacy. Against this we have nothing but the idle testimony of our eyes and ears; and so long as we are inclined to let such childish matters of controversy rest on our minds, so long we must believe that Mr. Arnold's imagination has been in this instance

more active than his memory. Mr. Arnold is an author, and probably his ideas of a "*splendid reception*" are rather of a more qualified order than those which are usually annexed to the phrase. A sanguine temperament may have more than once, in his case, converted a general hiss into the more genial semblance of turbulent admiration, and irresistible contempt into bursts of laughter. We have now done with Mr. Arnold and his intrusion; advising him to reflect on the folly of suffering his productions to appear on any stage but his own; and the awkwardness of suffering his zeal to lead him into the imminent imputation of *puffing* a piece which is stamped with all the features of early mortality. Mr. Moore seems to have formed a more correct idea on the subject, and we must coincide with him in allowing the dialogue to be *frivolous*. There is no plot to sustain the dialogue, even if it had been invigorated with all the manliness and meaning which was to be expected from a man of educated habits and respectable intercourse with society. A plot is not a certain number of exits and entrances, with a certain number of scenes, or indecent jests or feeble melodies. It is a chain of incidents fairly and firmly connected, leading to a natural conclusion, and exciting a continual and increasing interest to the end. There is in this something to give exercise to a poet's thought,—something susceptible of every grace that cultivated capacity can supply,—something capable of touching the higher powers of the mind, and giving delight to taste, while it adds vigour to virtue. Some of the comedies of the last age have had this happy peculiarity; and it is possible to put them into the hands of our children without dreading the contamination of vulgarity or vice. We will spare Mr. Moore; and assure him, that if we do, it is simply from the hope, that as he comes more within the public eye, he will be more alive to public propriety; sedulously spurning at the absurd interference of his officious *adulators*, and only anxious to show that it is not too late for him to unite the dignity of virtue with the honours of genius.

The following letters have been published in the newspapers:—

MR. MOORE'S "M. P."

MR. EDITOR.—In the account which has been given in some of the papers, of the Musical Trifle at the Lyceum, you have stated that the story is evidently meant to allude to "a certain recent event of a memorable nature," and that in one of the scenes there

is a manifest reference to another occurrence that has lately attracted the attention of the public.

Though it is with considerable reluctance I thus avow myself the author of a bagatelle, which has been received much more indulgently than it deserves, I cannot allow this statement to pass without declaring, that, however hastily the frivolous *dialogue* of this piece may have been written, I had thought of the *story* long before those events occurred, by which you, and perhaps many others, suppose it to have been suggested. I have the honour to be, sir, yours, &c.

THOMAS MOORE.

September 11.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Observing in your paper of last evening a letter from Mr. Moore, on the subject of his new Opera of *M. P. or The Blue Stocking*, I feel myself called upon to dissent from that gentleman's opinion of his own performance, and to state, that had I conceived it to be merely a "*musical trifle*," I am too sensible of what is due to the public, to have ventured to offer it to their notice.

The event of its brilliant and unqualified success has justified my opinion of the merits of Mr. Moore's drama; and I am confident that if the author had witnessed the splendid reception of its first representation, (which he did *not*), he would not have suffered an excess of modesty to pay so bad a compliment to public taste as to term that dialogue "*frivolous*" which was interrupted in almost every scene, by as gratifying applause as ever repaid the most anxious labours of a dramatist. I am, sir, yours, &c.

SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

Theatre Royal Lyceum, Sept. 12, 1811.

## PHILADELPHIA THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FOR DECEMBER, 1811.

Monday 2d,	She stoops to Conquer.—Forty Thieves.
Wednesday 4th,	Venice Preserved.—(Pierre by a gentleman (his first appearance,) Belvidera, Mrs. Wheatley.)—Two Strings to your Bow.
Friday 6th,	The Wonder.—Forty Thieves.
Saturday 7th,	The Stranger.—(Mr. Cleary, who played Pierre.) —Catch Him Who Can.
Monday 9th,	Mountaineers.—Budget of Blunders.
Wednesday 11th,	Mahomet.—Scheming Lieutenant.
Friday 13th,	Tancred and Sigismunda.—Youths' Errors.
Saturday 14th,	Douglass.—Valentine and Orson.
Monday 16th,	Hamlet.—Two strings to your Bow.
Wednesday 18th,	Pizarro.—Old Maid.
Friday 20th,	Distressed Mother.—Bluebeard.
Saturday 21st,	Jane Shore.—Valentine and Orson.
Monday 23d,	Alexander the Great.—Killing no Murder.
Tuesday 24th,	Speed the plough.—Raymond and Agnes.
Thursday 26th,	Columbus.—Chapter of Accidents.
Monday 30th,	Foundling of the Forest.—Mayor of Garratt.

Mr. PAYNE's Nights.

The critical observations on the performances of this month, will fall under three heads.—The performances of Mr. Cleary an amateur, who appeared for the first time in *Pierre*, and afterwards in the *Stranger*, and *Glenalvon*. Those of Mrs. Wheatley, who appeared for the first time in *Belvidera* and *Fatima*; and lastly those of Mr. Payne.

## MR. CLEARY.

In discussing the merits of this young gentleman, we must premise that the critic who would venture decisively to pronounce judgment on the talents of a young actor, on the evidence of two or three first performances, must have more sagacity than we pretend to, or else more presumption than, we hope, falls to our share. From all that we have yet observed in the gentleman before us, the opinion we have formed of him, is, in a more than common degree, favourable. Were we not apprehensive of cheapening our judgment, by seeming to hazard too much, and of impairing the value of that applause which we think it will come to our share hereafter to bestow upon him, by hasty, undigested conclusions—in a word,



were we not afraid to offer as a final decision, the whole amount of our thoughts as they now stand, we would say that he bids fair to be an ornament to the stage. Exclusive of our repugnance to pledge ourselves too promptly, we are aware that in summing up the account of any actor's merits and defects at the end of a large number of trials, a good natured critic has too often occasion to regret that he has in his hurry, his admiration, or his enthusiasm, overlooked the debtor side while he cast up the items on the credit; as on the other hand a malignant censor overlooks the credit side while he fills up or inflames the debit. Besides, he who can view a novice without a disposition rather to discover merit than to detect faults, and even where there is a casual imperfection to glance at rather than explore it further, and silently to find an extenuation for, rather than expose it, has, whatever superficial persons may think, very little of the stuff for a genuine relic in his heart or head. For ourselves, we own that the first appearance of an actor, is one of the cases in which we should most distrust our opinions, because we know that on such occasions, feeling is generally excited to an excess which disables the judgment.

As yet therefore we are not prepared to dip so deep as we think the subject will hereafter demand, into the qualifications of Mr. Cleary. Generally speaking, his voice and his person are very much in his favour; sufficiently powerful for stage purposes. The former possesses much of what is commonly called the silver tone, and in every part of its compass is pleasing, harmonious, and free from harshness even when raised. He seems too, to understand his author remarkably well, particularly for so young a man, and from these result a smoothness of utterance and an easy fluency of enunciation not often met with, even in actors of great merit and experience. His person is not only well formed and vigorous, without clumsiness, but of a stature admirably suited to the stage; neither too low nor too tall. His face too is manly, and rather handsome; but his eyes, otherwise well fitted for expression, are injured by being rather overbrowed. As a novice, the most striking, we might say surprising, thing about him, is the ease of his deportment and the steadiness of his stage business. Thus, in the very trying scene with the conspirators, in that before the senate and so on, to the end of *Pierre*; and in that scene of *Glenalvon* in which he taunts and derides young *Norval*, he was as much master of himself as any old practised performer—much more so indeed than some actors we have seen, of many years standing.

It appears to us that while in these natural qualifications he stands so remarkably well, his defects are all acquired. The opinions and habits formed upon first impressions are not easily got rid of. It is a serious evil to Mr. Cleary that he should have laid up so much of his stock of histrionic science from very, very bad models. From these he has acquired not a little of the sing-song monotony, the slow measured utterance, and formality of speech, against which we have always waged war. If he means to follow the profession he will find it his interest to combat with this till he overcomes it.

This mistaken habit, which, besides its being a dereliction of nature, extinguishes the actor's fire, is the only obstruction in Mr. Cleary's road to theatric fame; and of this we are convinced by a comparison of him with himself, in different parts of his performance. For no sooner had he occasion to emerge from sober, unanimated, cool dialogue to impassioned expression, than he appeared a different person. In the one, no partiality or prejudice could make us very much approve—In the other, no enmity could warrant any man in withholding warm applause. This we think was particularly obvious in his performance of De Valmont. Let Mr. Cleary clear away this, and we pledge ourselves for his success. It may be done—but to do it promptly and effectually the ax must be put to the root. He must first of all come to the determination that the thing is bad—and the rest will follow with little trouble; but so long as he fluctuates in doubt, or thinks it enough to meet the matter half way, and endeavours to compound between the error and its corrective, all efforts will be but so much labour lost. Accomplishing this, he accomplishes every thing—but to accomplish it—*Hic labor—hoc opus est.*

With the exception we have just made, the performances of this young gentleman were highly meritorious, and, for so unpractised a novice, truly astonishing. Had there been more of the frankness and unpremeditated familiarity of real life in his first addressing and subsequent dialogue with Jaffier, his Pierre might be set down as a very fine performance, and what we think most extraordinary is, that he played and spoke the most difficult parts of the character better than any others. Pierre's bold defiance of the conspirators when they talk of killing Jaffier, and his bitter rebuke of old Renault, were managed with the address of a veteran actor—his conduct before the senate, and the whole of the subsequent scene with Jaffier,

also deserve the warmest praise, and left very little doubt in our mind that he may, if he pleases, rank with the most considerable of our actors.

In his *Glenalvon* too he gave some extraordinary proofs of his complete mastery over his action, and in one instance (where he forgot his part) of a presence of mind, unexampled in so young a performer. The whole of the character was respectably performed, but as we have already said, his manner of taunting Douglass was excellent:—The performance of *Glenalvon*, however, suffered considerably from the badness of his dress.

His *De Valmont* was inferior to either of the others. But the scene in which he becomes deranged from discovering the villainy of *Lonqueville* had great merit.

On the whole we are persuaded, that Mr. Cleary will be, if he remains on it, a valuable acquisition to the stage.

Of Mrs. Wheatley we are compelled to say, that we did not at all admire her in *Belvidera*. A handsome face and person go a great way in disarming a critical examiner of a lady's acting. We cannot, therefore, minutely investigate Mrs. Wheatley's performance of *Belvidera*—and shall only say, generally, that it did not inspire us with any desire to see it repeated.—In *Fatima* she appeared to great advantage. Her singing was universally approved, and excited an anxious desire to hear her afterwards, when she obligingly sung "The Soldier Tired," for Mr. Payne's benefit. Her execution of that arduous song, however, was injured by the trepidation into which she was thrown by the novelty of her situation, and which was so apparent that it was impossible not to feel a painful sympathy with her. She, nevertheless, evinced sufficient powers to sing the song very well, difficult as it is, if she had no embarrassment to contend with.

Mr. PAYNE.—Preliminary to entering upon the consideration of this gentleman's performance on this his last visit to Philadelphia, we intreat our readers to turn to the criticism we delivered on his performances in the year eighteen hundred and ten,\* in which our opinion of him is given so full as to supersede the necessity of entering largely into the subject here. The only question to be discussed at this time is, whether he is so far improved as to justify the expectations we at that time avowed, or whether

\* See vol. 1. pp. 141. 220. 241.



he has availed himself of the hints we then threw out—whether his voice is strengthened—his person grown more manly, and on the whole whether as Mr. Payne he is more intitled to public approbation, or more capable of affording pleasure to a rational audience now than he was as Master Payne, at that time of public enthusiasm and admiration of his talents. To these questions we peremptorily answer in the affirmative.—His person, though still short of the hero's mould or dimensions, is considerably bettered, and his walk and deportment are greatly improved:—he has got rid of his Cooperisms, or insensible imitations of Mr. Cooper—the redundance of attitude and action, of which we once took occasion to complain are entirely laid aside—and the defective pushing-forward step we adverted to in that Critique, no longer injures his motions. Of certain provincialisms in his pronunciation, however, we still have reason to complain, though by no means in so great a degree as before—he still says *raound* for round, *daown* for down, &c. &c. but in a mitigated degree of broadness.

But it is in his conception of character, and his reading of particular passages, that time seems to have ripened him most into excellence.—That genius, which he unquestionably possesses in a degree superior to any tragic actor on the American stage but Cooke, is now more controlled by judgment and at the same time rendered more active and efficient by study. This we discovered in the striking originality, and peculiar felicity of manner he occasionally disclosed in each of the characters he performed. In his Octavian there were some touches which to us appeared new; too delicate perhaps to be recognised by the many, but not the less demonstrative of a genius shrewdly discriminating, and self-dependent. In Octavian he differs from some that we “have seen play and heard others praise too,” and in our opinion, for the better.

Let us be understood: We enter upon this subject fully aware of the deduction which may still be made, on account of his youthful appearance and inferiority to full grown actors in size. But these very deficiencies exhibit the superiority of his genius. The superior corporeal execution of Mr. Cooper gives to his performance a higher interest of a certain kind, while his conception is seldom comparable to Payne's, and his character is never so perfectly studied. Though Octavian was, for reasons we shall state hereafter, a very unfavourable character for him, above all to make



his *debut* in, yet even from his performance of it, we can cull a number of passages to exemplify the opinion we have advanced.

We will begin with his introductory soliloquy—Payne's Octavian is a man labouring under the derangement of a mind prostrated by melancholy, sometimes relieved by lucid intervals, and sometimes, though very seldom, starting into impassioned frenzy. On his first appearance he enters with a disconsolate and wearied air: he does not at once, as some do, exhibit marks of frenzy, but in a tone of languor and disconsolation, expresses his misery at not being able to procure sleep,

"I can *not* sleep;"

laying the emphasis on the word "not," which more forcibly marks a foregone, vain effort to procure rest than the common reading, "I cannot SLEEP," with the emphasis on the last word. While in this state of lucid disconsolation, his brain seems gradually to take fire from the intensity of his feelings; his eye becomes wild,—and his derangement is perceived to increase till he comes to the apostrophe to the

"hot and rising sun."

This climax, which was enforced with great effect by an hysterical laugh, and the triumphant comparison of himself with the sun, as a new reading was more ingenious than correct, and had a striking effect, though we think at the expense of propriety, and to the loss of the author's meaning.

We soon perceived that Mr. Payne had profited by his observations on Mr. Cooke; not in servile imitation of his speech and action in particular passages, but by adopting his general philosophy; connecting the parts of the dialogue by the comment of the eyes and deportment, which is the excellence that distinguishes Cooke from all other actors. The convulsive agitation of Payne's frame during the pause after the words

"And that were pity"

was well contrived as a precursor to the burst of pathos with which he uttered

"———O Octavian!

Where are the times thy ardent nature painted,  
When Fortune smiled upon thy lusty youth  
And all was sunshine!—Where the look'd for years,  
Gaily bedeck'd with Fancy's imagery,

When the high blood ran frolick through thy veins,  
And boyhood made thee sanguine!

In the third act, he applied this silent action, or by-play, with great felicity of effect. While Octavian listens to the goatherd's story of his daughter, which bears a strong resemblance to that of Octavian himself, the horror which he silently expressed at the goatherd's cruelty in opposing his daughter's marriage to the man she loved, made the reason for that torrent of rage and indignation which succeeds, fully apparent to the audience. This method, for the idea of which he no doubt is indebted to Cooke, but which nothing but native genius could instruct him when and where so happily to apply, constitutes one great line of demarcation between great and ordinary acting, and in young performers ought to be especially commended, and held up to others as an example. Any man of ordinary memory may speak what is set down for him with tolerable propriety; but it requires the spirit of a poet to anticipate and extend the conceptions of a poet, and this, when done in perfection, undoubtedly constitutes the supreme perfection of acting: this it was which gave Garrick the vast superiority he maintained over all other actors. Our readers who have seen Cooke perform Sir Pertinax, will readily call to mind an illustration of this truth in his servile air and *booing* to the great, and his immediately drawing himself up with a supercilious frown when he comes to address his servants.

In the first scene between Octavian and Roque the poet has fallen into a manifest absurdity; we mean in the supposition that the former could scan the face of the latter, so as to say,

"Providence has slubber'd it in haste:

"'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions, &c.

and yet not discover in it, the face of his beloved "Floranthé's follower," who had often "lifted up the latch to give him admittance" to her:—and this absurdity we have seen heightened by the performer's glaring for some time at the old man. In his attempt to relieve the scene from this absurdity, Payne showed considerable address, and succeeded so well, that we cannot deny him the justice, nor ourselves the pleasure to describe the manner of his accomplishing it.

Roque enters while Octavian is gazing passionately at the pic-

ture of Floranthe, his mind absorbed and his heart bursting, with the remembrance of his lost happiness. Roque says

Seignior!—Seignior!

Startled from his reverie by the sound of a voice, Octavian hastily conceals the picture in his bosom, and confounded, walks hastily to Roque, casts a transient look at him, then turns away, and relapses again into strong agitation, manifestly occasioned by the recurrence of Floranthe to his reflections. In this state he is, when Roque, after a pause, inquires,

“Do you remember my countenance?”

Payne's Octavian, as if angered at this second interruption of his dream, impatiently, but without deigning to turn his eye again towards so unwelcome an intruder, replies, unconscious who he is speaking to,

“No!—Providence has slubber'd it in haste:  
'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions  
She manufactures when she makes a gross.  
She'll form a million such,—and all alike—  
Then send them forth asham'd of her own work,  
And set no mark upon them.—Get thee gone.”

Then crosses Roque, and without noticing him, walks up the stage.

The deep, solemn, and firm tone with which Payne said

“Roque, I do know thy errand!”

showed (to borrow the language of Quin to Mrs. Bellamy) that the true spirit was in him—and for his restoration of the following beautiful passage, he merited the thanks as well as applause of his audience.

“Tell me, old Roque, tell me, *Floranthe's* follower,  
“Shall we not, when the midnight bell has toll'd,  
“Beguile the drunken sacrist of his key,  
“Then steal in secret up the church's aisle  
“To scatter cypress on her monument.”

Payne's gradually drawing himself up from his kneeling posture, by means of Roque's hand, during the utterance of that speech was not only happily conceived, but happily executed; and his gesture, as if in the act of scattering cypress, though we dislike the



practical illustration of any act that is described as done, or to be done, was, considering the state of Octavian's mind, very characteristic. Touching upon this topic, reminds us that we owe it to Mr. Payne, to remark, that of all the actors we have had occasion to criticise, Payne is, with the exception of Hodgkinson, the least self-willed and obstinate in resistance to the well meant hints of criticism, as he has, to his own palpable benefit, evinced.—He has in conformity to the hints in our first critique upon him, corrected most of the exceptionable parts of his acting, and we mean to point out some instances of this when we come to investigate his Douglas.

There are many other passages in Mr. Payne's performance, of beauty and ingenuity equal to these, but the limits of this number will not permit us to specify them. He was received with wonderful enthusiasm: although the rags and misery of Octavian naturally tend to excite disgust.

We have been thus circumstantial in our remarks on Mr. Payne because his unexpectedly long absence from the stage had given rise to various speculations, all of them founded on a supposition that he retired either on account of some break in his voice, some failure in the promise of his boyish performances, some impairment of his physical powers, or some diminution of his attractiveness; and because the question has been so frequently put to us, whether we thought him improved or not, that we felt it incumbent on us to be explicit.

Whether it was from long disuse of the stage or from some mistake, Payne pitched his voice too high, which occasioned at times uneasy sensations among his numerous admirers, and excited apprehensions that he would overstrain his voice.

Our observations on his other characters, are reserved for a future occasion.



*Supplementary Particulars of the Fire at Richmond.*

IN a former part of this number the reader will find an imperfect sketch (made up from various authentic narratives) of the destruction of the Richmond theatre, and a portion of its audience. Mr. COPELAND of Richmond—(whose daughter MARGARET, a lovely and interesting girl, was burnt)—in an irresistibly pathetic letter to Mr. Clay (who also lost a daughter) states—that “after the scenery took fire, it spread rapidly above, ascending in volumes of flame and smoke into the upper part of the building, whence, a moment after, it descended to force a passage through the pit and boxes.” It is only by reflecting on the rapidity of the conflagration, and comparing the vast variety of scenes which were exhibited, with the short time in which they all took place, that we can form the faintest conception of the horror of this event. In a few short minutes from the first alarm, every expiring innocent was at rest: their shrieks and groans subsided: the building, and its recent occupants were one heap of embers.

Every post brings us some new narrative of personal suffering, or miraculous escapes. The preservation of one gentleman and his family, will be looked upon as too extravagant even for the wonders of romance. His wife and a female friend of hers, were in one part of the house;—himself, two little daughters, and a son of twelve years old were in another. The wife leaped from a window and escaped unhurt. Her companion followed, but was killed. The father was in the second boxes; he clasped the two helpless girls, and left the boy, as more capable of exertion, to his fate. The boy was forced by the throng toward a window, he sprang out of it and was saved. The father strained his young daughters to his bosom, darted toward the stairs, and struggled to keep himself erect, but in vain. The pressure from behind, and those leaping over his head, overpowered and bent him down. From that moment he became insensible. Not dropping entirely to the ground he was forced along unconsciously by the mass, and picked up at some distance from the playhouse, whence he was borne to his bed, and he there, some hours afterwards, recovered, to be blest with a sight of the objects of his tender care in perfect safety.

In a superstitious age, or country, it would be thought that this preservation involved some great and mysterious design. But, for whatever purpose they were saved, we trust this favoured family will entertain a proper sense of the distinction which they have enjoyed, and endeavour to mark their future days by such good or noble acts as shall prove that they were not rescued from the grave for nothing.

The loss of Miss NANCY GREEN, a blooming, amiable girl,—a daughter of one of the managers, has thrown her parents into the most unutterable anguish. Miss Green, we understand, had been residing with Mrs. Gibson. Her father, supposing her at Mrs. Gibson's, when he beheld the house in flames and the audience perishing, exclaimed, with tears of gratitude, "Thank heaven, my child is safe! Nancy is out of danger!" Is it possible to conceive any thing so agonizing as the father's sensations, who, when he ran (after the fire was over) to embrace his child and thank his Maker for preserving her, learned that Mrs. Gibson and Miss Green had been to the theatre and both were buried in its ruins!

Mr. PLACIDE, another of the managers, lost every article of his property; even his watch, his boots, and great coat. All his family, excepting a little daughter, whose name is ELIZA, were removed from the theatre on the first alarm—but Eliza was no where to be found. The distracted father plunged again into the building; then flew among the crowd, shrieked for his infant,—but Eliza was still missing. When the dreadful scene closed, he returned, heart-broken, to his dwelling;—but what scenes of suffering could exceed the rapture with which he saw his little Eliza, spring, as he entered the apartment, into his embrace? She had been rescued in the confusion—how, or in what way, we know not.

It is to be feared that many affecting incidents will yet come to light; but as nothing further has been related with unquestionable precision, we shall close this subject with one more, which, considering the characters of the parties and the peculiar circumstances of their situation, may by some be thought to transcend all the rest in horror, and appeal more forcibly to the feelings. We allude to the destruction of Miss SARAH C. CONYERS, and licut. JAMES GIBBON, of the navy.

MISS CONYERS was the pride and admiration of her native city. She was amiable and pious:—she was frank, without being familiar; gay, without levity; and enlightened without being pedantic:—she was dignified without austerity, and elegant without affectation. All esteemed, and many loved her.—That Miss CONYERS should have such numerous admirers excited less surprise than that any one should see *without* admiring her.

Lieut. GIBBON was the idol of his family. His short life had been full of enterprise. At the taking of the frigate Philadelphia, he was thrown into prison and detained for many months among the savages of Tripoli. On his return he met Miss CONYERS, and became a candidate for her affections. After struggling for some years against numberless impediments, just before this fatal accident, he was elated with the prospect of succeeding.

Lieut. GIBBON and his mother\* were together at the theatre. On the first alarm, lieut. GIBBON darted out with his mother, and placed her in safety, at a distance; then rushed back into the theatre, caught Miss CONYERS in his arms, and was bearing her down the staircase, when the steps gave way and a body of flame swept them to eternity.

We cannot reflect on the fate of this young man without tears of sympathy and admiration. He had saved her who gave him existence, and was destroyed in the attempt to rescue her, who alone could make that existence happy. His mourning relatives have the consolation of reflecting that his life was spotless; his death honourable, and the last moments of his earthly pilgrimage were devoted to exploits of glory.

UNHAPPY SUFFERERS BY THIS AWFUL CONFLAGRATION! Let us entreat you all to treasure up this maxim of the poet—

“TO BEAR, IS TO CONQUER OUR FATE.”

Fortitude is the noblest, the most enviable of virtues: Blest with Fortitude, disease cannot depress, nor slander torture us;—Fortitude disarms poverty of its bitterness, and death of its sting. The wretch,—deserted by the world,—friendless, naked and hungry,—is rich and happy while he retains *this* blessing. Fortitude is more powerful than the grave, for it enables us to triumph over it;—

\* Of this fact we are assured in two letters:—one from Mr. Placide, and the other published in Lang's Gazette, New-York.

stronger than love, for it sustains us when deprived of the objects of our affection;—more estimable than the universe, for, strengthened by Fortitude we look with composure upon its wreck. Cherish this virtue and be happy. Remember that your calamity has only hastened a little the fate which none can delay or evade. Comfort yourselves with the assurance that their passing before us to eternity will lessen our regret when we shall be compelled to follow them; and turn the dread catastrophe to profit, by believing that the horrors which attended their departure may have been destined but to warn the unthinking, and to prepare us all for the enjoyment of a world that exists for ever, and charms as long as it exists.



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